

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

PRICE 6 CENTS.

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### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

### The State of the Nation.

THE week has been full of interest. In the West four columns of the National forces, under Fremont, Siegel, Sturgis and Lane, are fast closing around the rebel Price, who, in his precipitate retreat, has nearly reached the frontier of Arkansas. It seems almost impossible for him to escape. In south-eastern Missouri the bridge-burning borders of Jeff. Thompson and Lowe have met with a signal defeat at the hands of Cols. Plummer and Carlin, and are thoroughly demoralized. In the South the advance columns of Fremont have already occupied Springfield, routing the rebels with overwhelming ease. Altogether, it seems probable that a very few days will suffice to expel the rebel invaders from the State, where their long stay has been a standing disgrace to the Government and the country. In Kentucky the rebels have lost their opportunity. They were prepared to act when Kentucky abandoned her false position of neutrality, while the Union forces had to be organized. But they failed to strike at the opportune moment, and now, so far from being able to take the offensive, it is doubtful if they can succeed in holding their positions. The troops from the Gulf States are looking anxiously towards the coast, which is now menaced from the sea, and do not cheerfully advance to the northward. Nor has the single attempt which they have made at anything beyond a skirmish been attended with encouraging results. The attack by Zollicoffer on Camp Wildcat was a signal and depressing failure. In North Carolina, too, the signs are cheering, and conventions have been held in several of the counties, declaring their unalterable adherence to the Union, and repudiating, in emphatic language, the authority and acts of the insurgent Government.

The week has also witnessed the clearing up, in part at least, of the mysteries connected with the rebel attacks on Santa Rosa Island and the blockading fleet off New Orleans. In the first the insurgents sustained a repulse so severe as to be called a rout, and a loss far beyond any they inflicted. That the attack should have taken place at all, or being made, should not have resulted in the complete annihilation of the assailants, seems to have been due to inexcusable carelessness or blind confidence on the part of the National fleet and forces. That the fleet in the Mississippi escaped destruction, appears to have resulted rather from the cowardice of the lying Hollins than from any effort or provision of the fleet itself. The flagship Richmond was absolutely surprised by the steam-ram Manassas, which must have been badly managed not to have completed her destruction. But the most inexplicable circumstance of the whole affair was the abandonment of the Vincennes by her captain, who attempted to blow her up, but unsuccessfully. The match led to her magazine fortunately went out, and the ship was saved to the Navy. Had Captain Handy done his work better, the rebels would now be rejoicing over the destruction of the vessel, which they would have claimed as their own achievement. If that time-honored institution, the military Court Martial, has not been entirely abolished in the Army and Navy, we can conceive of no better opportunity for its revival than is afforded by the late affair in the Mississippi, and especially by the conduct of Captain Handy. "All's well that ends well," but Providence will not always help those who do not help themselves.

From this rather cheering review of affairs in the West and South, we turn with sad hearts and sadder forebodings to the Gigantic Failure at Washington. We do not now refer wholly to the fearful blunder at Edwards' Ferry, attended as it was with more circumstances of pain and horror than any other event of the war, but to the great and disgraceful fact that, while we have an Army of 250,000 men in and around the Capitol, and a new and powerful Navy at our command, we

have yet permitted the rebels to close up the principal avenue to the Capitol, the Potomac river. We hear of grand reviews, and parades more extensive than have ever yet been witnessed on this continent; but he must have strong faith in their efficacy who believes that they can inspire the army with military fervor, or with that confidence which is essential to success, in face of the lethargy and inaction which permits the rebels to cut off Washington from the sea, and in face of the incompetence and military ignorance which repeats, in an exaggerated form, the bloody blunders of Big Bethel and Vienna! Winter is close at hand; cold nights and drenching rains are already filling the hospitals and depressing the spirits of the soldiers. The roads of Virginia are fast becoming impassable to the artillery and supply trains of the army. And yet that great army, which the people have gathered with so much cost and care on the banks of the Potomac, still rests idly within sight of the enemy's lines, sullen and dispirited, burrowing in gigantic earth-works, or swelling the magnificence of our Republican Court by parades of unparalleled proportions.

It will no longer do to repel the natural solicitude of the people and their anxiety for some decisive movement commensurate with the means they have placed in the hands of the Government, by an arrogation of military profundity on the part of those directing affairs. The same common sense which applies in all cases, whether on the farm, in the counting-house, the cabinet or the camp, tells us plainly enough that a great army cannot advance through Virginia during the winter; and the almanac tells us that winter is at hand. Is the army, then, to take up its quarters for the season in Washington? If it does so, it will require very little prescience to see that the war will become chronic, and, by spring, resolve itself into a simple war of boundaries. The loyalists, already depressed and diminishing in numbers through utter hopelessness of National support, in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, will by that time have been subdued, or at least will have resigned themselves to an apathetic acquiescence in an order of things beyond their power to prevent. These are not vague apprehensions, but results which every man, capable of reasoning, knows must ensue, unless a speedy and decisive victory is achieved in Virginia, and the rebel army driven from that State before the setting in of winter. Caution is a great element of military success; but Enterprise is a greater; and we can tell those who direct affairs at Washington that distrust and misgivings begin to prevail in the hearts of the people, who have patiently and confidently waited on their action—distrust, which the closing of the Potomac justifies, and misgivings for which the butchery at Edwards' Ferry, unhappily, gives too much warrant!

The great Naval Expedition has sailed from Fortress Monroe. It comprises the Wabash, flag-ship, 15 steam gunboats, 28 steam and 4 sailing transports—altogether 50 vessels, under the command of Commodore Dupont. The land forces accompanying the expedition numbers about 30,000 men, under Brigadier-General Thomas W. Sherman, who commanded the famous "Sherman Battery" during the Mexican War. Two thousand horses are embarked on the transports, with siege and fortification materials, and a vast quantity of artillery and stores. These transports also carry 1,000 of the runaway slaves who have found refuge at Fortress Monroe, and who will be employed at wages by Government as laborers. These preparations imply not only an attack on some part of the Southern coast, but a lodgement and occupation. There seems to be every reason to believe in the success of the expedition; our only doubt arises from the lateness of the season, and the approach of winter storms. The expedition should have sailed during the quiet month of October.

### The Disaster at Edwards' Ferry.

A DISASTER, infinitely more serious in proportion to the numbers engaged than that of Bull Run, was suffered by the National forces at Edwards' Ferry, on the Upper Potomac, on Monday, the 21st October. The harrowing details are given elsewhere—"970" killed, wounded and missing, including two colonels prisoners, and the gallant and chivalrous Baker dead, is the sad epitome of the results of the engagement—an engagement precipitated by no "outside pressure of impatient civilians," nor by any "insane cry" of "on to Richmond!" This time military incompetence must accept its own responsibilities. The facts of the case have not been allowed to come forward in any exaggerated form; on the contrary, the omission of any official report of the affair, and the careful supervision by the authorities of all the despatches relating to it, inspire a fear that we are still to learn the full proportions of the calamity. But taking the facts as they are admitted, they prove, not that a great military blunder has been committed, but a great military crime, for which its authors should be held responsible through the scrutiny of a Court Martial. The nation is no longer disposed to accept the apologetic admission for the sacrifice of its soldiers and the discredit of its name, that "some one has blundered!" It is certain that the little handful of 1,700 soldiers which crossed the Potomac did not do so without orders. Who gave those orders? That is a question which the people have a right to have answered. The order to Col. Baker, which he is said to have received with the remark, "It is a terrible mistake, but I shall obey it," it is also said exists, stained with his blood, in Washington. Let it be produced, and let the people know who it was that sent the gallant Californians and the brave Massachusetts men into the "jaws of hell!"

It is stated, without contradiction, that one miserable scow, capable of carrying not more than 80 men, and two small canoes, were the sole means of transport with which a column of the United States army undertook to cross a deep and rapid river, in the face of an enemy in force on the opposite bank! History furnishes no parallel to such insanity, and as we have said already, the ignorance or incompetence which directed the attempt is without excuse or apology, and should be punished as a crime of the first magnitude. No amount of praise of the gallantry of the slaughtered soldiers, and no extent of official concealment

or prevarication, can either deceive the people or prevent them from demanding a rigid inquiry into the causes and circumstances of this most horrible butchery of our soldiers at Edwards' Ferry—all the more horrible, because unnecessary, and tending to no result except to spread distrust in the army and to destroy that confidence which is so essential an element of success in all warlike operations.

### Bursting of Rebel Bubbles!

WE have at last authentic accounts of the two great rebel victories, over which the whole South has been firing guns and uttering jublations for the past ten days. The famous fight near the mouth of the Mississippi, in which the mendacious Hollins declared he sank one National war vessel and ran the rest aground and then "peppered them well," resolves itself into this, "simply this, and nothing more"—no vessel was sunk at all, and the "peppering" consisted in a single shot received by the Richmond, which did no damage and hurt nobody! Hollins was always regarded as the greatest liar in the Navy, and his new associations have enabled him to excel himself!

The "victory" of the rebels over Billy Wilson's men on Santa Rosa Island proves to be pretty much of the Hollins order. They landed 1,500 strong on the island, before daylight on the morning of the 9th of October, and partly surprised Wilson's men, numbering less than one-third of their number. They succeeded at first in setting fire to some of the tents, but were assailed in turn by the Zouaves, assisted by three companies of regulars, and driven back to their boats in wild disorder, and with heavy loss. The Zouaves lost 10 killed, 16 wounded and 9 prisoners, while the rebel loss is admitted by themselves to be upwards of 300 in killed, wounded and missing! "A famous victory!"

### The National Army.

It has been estimated, from reliable data, that the National troops now in the field, or on their way to the seat of war, number 512,000, as follows:

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Total.
Connecticut.....	4,188	100	—	4,288
Illinois.....	41,000	8,000	—	49,000
Indiana.....	30,000	2,000	500	32,500
Iowa.....	16,100	3,600	—	19,700
Kansas.....	4,000	1,000	200	5,200
Massachusetts.....	20,000	—	350	20,350
Maine.....	8,000	1,200	—	9,200
Michigan.....	18,784	5,800	300	24,884
Minnesota.....	3,000	—	—	3,000
New York.....	85,000	5,000	500	90,500
New Jersey.....	9,000	—	—	9,000
New Hampshire.....	5,000	—	200	5,200
Ohio.....	63,000	3,500	600	67,100
Pennsylvania.....	61,000	4,000	800	65,800
Rhode Island.....	2,628	—	750	3,378
Vermont.....	5,000	100	—	5,100
Wisconsin.....	10,000	1,200	1,100	12,300
Total.....	384,700	35,500	5,300	425,500

In addition to the above, there are the State and Government troops in Kentucky and Missouri, which may be estimated as follows:

	Government.	State.
Missouri.....	10,000	25,000
Kentucky.....	8,000	20,000
Total.....	18,000	45,000

There are also 5,000 volunteers raised in California, 5,000 in Maryland, 1,600 in Delaware, and 2,000 in the District of Columbia, besides 10,000 regulars, which, added together, give the grand aggregate of 512,000 men. We ought soon to see some result commensurate to this grand armament.

### The Triumphs of Peace.

PEACE gained one of its grandest victories on the 25th of October, when the telegraph connecting San Francisco with New York was completed. The following message from the Mayor of San Francisco to the Mayor of New York, was that morning telegraphed from the former city:

"SAN FRANCISCO, October 25.

"To the Mayor of New York:  
"San Francisco to New York sends greetings, and congratulates her on the completion of the enterprise which connects the Pacific with the Atlantic. May the prosperity of both cities be increased thereby, and the projectors of this important work meet with honor and reward."

"H. F. TESCHEMACHER,  
"Mayor of San Francisco."

An unbroken telegraphic line now extends across the continent at its broadest part, from Newfoundland to the Pacific. It is the longest in the world, traversing 70 degrees of longitude, or about one-fifth of the whole circuit of the globe. "At Cape Race the wire begins, and continues in an unbroken length down through the British Provinces and our own New England States to the commercial emporium of the continent, across the Empire State, through the great valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and the green prairies of the West, over the sterile deserts as well, and through the passes of the great mountain range which is the backbone of the continent, along the Great Salt Lake basin and down the shining valleys of our Eldorado, until it touches the very portals of the Golden Gate. So in the very midst of a desolating war, which seemingly absorbs the whole strength of the nation, the splendid miracles of her science and her enterprise go on, and new cycles of history take their beginning from events which are unaffected by her victories or her defeats."

### THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

THE reorganization of the army under General McClellan has been thorough and complete. The troops were at first aggregated in divisions of 16,000 men, each under a Brigadier-General acting as Major-General. A further consolidation has now taken place. Five corps d'armee have been organized, each corps consisting of three divisions, or 48,000 men. Thus each one of the five commanders of the corps d'armee will have under him three Major-Generals and twelve Brigadier-Generals. Each Major-General will have under him four Brigadier-Generals and sixteen Colonels. Each Brigadier-General will command four regiments, of 1,000 men in each. No correct list of the five commanders of corps d'armee has yet been published. It may be stated, however, that Major-General McDowell and Major-General Blenker will certainly be two of them, and that General Heintzelman and General Halleck, late of California, will probably be a third and fourth. General Franklin and General Andrew Porter are also spoken of as likely to receive commands. It would appear, therefore, from this outline that the army of the Potomac is organized on the basis of 240,000 men.

COURT MARTIAL.—Com. Poore, who commanded the Brooklyn off New Orleans, when the privateer Sumter escaped from the Mississippi, has asked a Court of Inquiry to determine what responsibility, if any, rests on him in the case. We are glad to know that his request has been granted, and that we are to have the facts of the case in an official



form. It still remains a mystery why Com. McCauley, who commanded at Norfolk when the Navy Yard was destroyed, and to whose pusillanimity or treachery we owe the loss of the Merrimack, has not been brought before a Court of Inquiry. Equally so why Patterson, who permitted Johnston to join Beauregard at Bull Run, has not been held to answer before a Court Martial. Apropos of Patterson, the Rev. Mr. Smith, Chaplain of Colonel Butterfield's regiment, which was under Patterson, in a meeting lately held in Utica, boldly charges him with treachery, and gives good reasons for regarding him as a traitor. He said that

"There was but one opinion of Gen. Patterson among the soldiers of his division. That was that he was a traitor. He had heard the Rhode Island regiment call him traitor to his face, and hiss, and groan, and hoot him back to his tent. Mr. S. said that Patterson left his command at midnight, and intimated very strongly that if he had remained much longer he would have been in danger of assassination from his own men."

**MCCORMICK'S REAPER.**—The Commissioner of Patents has refused to extend McCormick's pat. at for his reaping machines, on the following grounds:

"1st. That the invention is one of great utility and importance to the public.

"2d. That the sums already received by McCormick, and the sums he is entitled to recover from infringements, together amount to an adequate remuneration."

**FIRE IN THE REAR.**—A column of 8,000 men, under Gen. Sumner, is organizing in California for a movement through Arizona into Western Texas. Under the pressure of the army avalanche now gathered on the North, with a powerful fleet on the coast, and a column advancing from the West, the South must soon begin to realize the power of the Government it has defied and attempted to destroy.

**RAPIDITY IN WAR.**—Posterity will hardly believe that in a single campaign all Italy was conquered; three armies successively destroyed; more than 50 colors captured; 40,000 Austrians forced to lay down their arms; and that all these wonders were achieved by a General (Napoleon) only twenty-seven years old, and at the head of a French army of only 20,000 men.—*Boston Transcript.*

**REGICIDE.**—It is a singular coincidence that attempts should have been made, almost simultaneously, on the lives of the King of Prussia and the Queen of Greece. Oscar Becker, the student, who attempted to assassinate the former, has been condemned to penal servitude for 20 years, and then to be banished the country. The would-be Greek assassin was also a student, aged but 17 years, and supposed to be insane. Becker, on the other hand, avowed a political motive—the furtherance of German unity.

**COMMENTARY ON MR. SEWARD'S FORTIFICATION CIRCULAR.**—Mr. Seward's sensation circular to the Governors of the frontier States has not only knocked down securities from two to four per cent., but has called out the following paragraph in the Canadian papers, indicating how it is regarded by the Government of Canada:

"The whole Canadian frontier is to be fortified; and Rear-Admiral Bayfield, who has been engaged in the survey of the lakes and the river St. Lawrence, will, it is said, determine the location of the fortifications."

Rhetorical Secretaries of State are dear luxuries.

**SOUTHERN CIVILIZATION.**—The death of General Lyons was celebrated at Montgomery, Alabama, by the firing of cannon, a display of fireworks and a torchlight procession.

**THE STATE OF KANAWHA.**—It will be remembered that the Convention of Delegates from 39 counties of Western Virginia, which met in Wheeling, in August last, passed an ordinance separating themselves from Virginia as a new State under the name of Kanawha. This ordinance was submitted to the people for ratification on the 24th of October, and was approved by an overwhelming majority. A Convention is now to assemble to form a Constitution, which will also require to be submitted to the people, and if accepted by them, then referred to Congress for final action. There is no doubt but that the measure will be carried through all its stages successfully, and the new State of Kanawha duly admitted. Historical Virginia has ceased to exist.

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861.**—No. 10 of this magnificent pictorial work is issued, and No. 11 will be published in a few days. These numbers contain reading matter equal to 3,000 octavo pages, and contain 350 maps and engravings, some of them of mammoth size, illustrating every important battle and incident of the present war. We append one or two notices of the press, which is unanimous in commendation of this work as nearest complete, and in all respects the most magnificent of any now published. See advertisement on the 15th page:

"Testimonials from the highest authorities, and the universal voice of the press, place this history among the most remarkable works of the time, altogether unsurpassable in the magnificence of its illustrations, and in accuracy, completeness and brilliancy of historical record."—*West Chester (Pa.) Record.*

"This is a thorough history of the causes and the progress of the war, from its initiation to the present time, derived from documentary evidence, illustrated by the first artists of the age, and engraved in the highest style of art. It combines historical details, with the incidents, anecdotes and poetry of the war, carefully and judiciously selected, together with the most exquisite, graphic and correct illustrations. The engravings of each part, numbering over 30, consist of large double and single page cuts, portraits and maps of unequalled beauty, and entirely authentic."—*St. Albans (Vt.) Democrat.*

**A SPECIMEN.**—As a specimen of the kind of remarks which the silly officiousness of Mr. H. S. Sanford, our "Minister resident" at Brussels, has called out, we extract the following paragraphs from the Illustrated London Times:

"Wanted, a General! This is not the first time in the history of the world that a nation unused to war has sought for a commander from among a more martial, if less fortunate people. \* \* \* What the North wants is enthusiasm; and it degrades itself by calling in foreign aid—not the aid of a foreign army, which would be derogatory enough, but of one foreign man. This does not look like the spirit by which battles are won!"

"HIGH CONSIDERATIONS."—In reply to certain persons professing to be from Maryland, and who appealed to Jeff. Davis to send a force to their State to protect the women and children from "Federal outrage," Jeff. said that his heart bled for them, but that he was prevented complying with their request from "high considerations of political necessity." It is thought that these "high considerations" are about 200,000 in number, and under the command of Gen. McClellan!

The rebels in Richmond have sent back several hundred bales of cotton that had been forwarded to that city. They really can't be afraid of its being taken by "the cowardly Yankees!" But if not, why send it back?

**WHAT WILL THE ARMY EAT?**—Taking the regulation ration as the basis of estimate, it has been computed that the army authorized by Congress—500,000 men—will require for one year's support in the way of provisions, 684,000 barrels of pork, 200 pounds each; 1,140,000 barrels of beef, 200 pounds each; 5,230,503 bushels of wheat, computing five bushels of wheat to one barrel of flour; 456,250 bushels of beans. Supposing this army to employ but 75,000 horses, these would require 191,625 tons of hay, and 10,385,225 bushels of oats, or their equivalent in corn or barley.

**FOREIGN DEMAND FOR THE LOAN.**—The *Evening Post* says: "We learn from good authority that certain foreign capitalists have offered Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, to take a \$100,000,000 loan of the United States Government, at 6 1/2 per cent interest. It would seem that the fulminations of the London Times have not succeeded in frightening anybody, for our credit is as good as ever it was abroad, and the money holders of London would be glad to see the Secretary accept their propositions."

**WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?**—Among the property belonging to loyal men lately confiscated by the rebels of Virginia, was an estate owned by William C. Rives, Jr., of Boston, consisting of 800 acres of fine land, fully stocked with negroes, live stock and implements; and another estate, owned by Francis Rives, of New York city, containing

800 acres and stocked with slaves; also a large estate of 800 acres, belonging to Mr. Sigourney, of New York city, with its negroes and live stock. Now it is passing strange that while the confiscation of the lands and negroes belonging to loyal citizens, by the rebels, is perfectly regular, the liberation of slaves of the rebels is "unconstitutional and impolitic."

## WAR NEWS.

### Rebel Vessel destroyed off Charleston.

The steamer Flag, on the blockading service off Charleston, on the 10th inst., ran the ship Thomas Watson ashore, while she was attempting to run the blockade with a cargo of salt, flannel and blankets. The cargo was taken out and the ship burned.

### A Battle in Kentucky—Repulse of the Rebels.

A BATTLE was fought in Kentucky on the 21st of October, at Camp Wild Cat, occupied by Gen. Garrard with 1,200 National troops, which was attacked by Zollicoffer, at the head of about 6,000 rebels. Zollicoffer made three different attacks, but was each time repulsed with considerable loss. The National loss was four killed and 26 wounded.

### Fight near Pilot Knob, Mo.—Defeat of the Rebels.

The rebel forces in south-eastern Missouri, under Jeff. Thompson and Lowe, were badly defeated on the 21st of October, and Lowe himself was killed. This intelligence is contained in a dispatch received at Pilot Knob from Fredericktown, where the battle took place. The rebel force was estimated at 5,000, and their losses are stated to be heavy, while the National loss was small, and confined principally to the 1st Indiana Cavalry, of whom Major Gavitt and Capt. Hayman were killed in a charge upon a battery, in which four heavy guns were captured. The National troops engaged in this successful affair were detailed from Cairo, Cape Girardeau and Pilot Knob, and were probably about equal in numbers to the enemy. Fredericktown, where the engagement is reported to have taken place, is the capital of Madison county, situated on the right bank of the Little St. Lawrence river, about one-third of the distance between Ironton and Cape Girardeau.

### Capture of the Brig Granada.

The brig Granada, bound to New York from Nevitas, Cuba, was captured off Charleston on the 13th of October, by the privateer Sallie, and the captain, second mate and two seamen were put on board the British schooner Greyhound, and were brought to New York. The Granada had 4,000 hogsheads of sugar and other cargo. The Sallie is a schooner of 140 tons, carries one gun amidships, and is manned by 30 men.

### Fatigue Attack on the Blockading Fleet off New Orleans.

We published in our last number a flaming despatch of Captain Hollins relative to a fight which he pretended to have had with some vessels of the blockading fleet, at the head of the passes in the Mississippi river, on the night of October 12th, in which he affirms he sank the Preble and drove the others ashore, where he "peppered them soundly." By the arrival of the steamer McClellan, which sailed from the mouth of the Mississippi, October 14th, we have the facts of the case. The vessels attacked by Hollins consisted of the steamers Richmond, Huntsville and Water Witch; the sloops-of-war Preble and Vincennes, and the storeship Nightingale. Hollins's fleet consisted of six gunboats, the battering-ram Manassas, and a large number of fire-ships, which filled the river from shore to shore. These latter craft, it will be recollected, are not mentioned in the rebel reports. The ram Manassas drifted against the Richmond, knocking a hole in her quarter and stern, but doing her no damage of consequence. This is all the sinking there was done. The squadron got under weigh, and drifted down the river to avoid the fire-ships, and while doing so some of the vessels got aground. These vessels were attacked by the rebels, but without damage in any respect, and were beaten off by the Vincennes, with two guns. No one in the squadron was killed or wounded, and the vessels were subsequently got off safely. Hollins's vaunted "naval victory," therefore, turns out simply to have been a failure of an attempt to destroy the National fleet by means of fire-ships.

### Attack on Wilson's Zouaves—Utter Rout of the Rebels.

By the McClellan we have full accounts of the rebel attack on Wilson's Zouaves, numbering 500 men, encamped on Santa Rosa Island. The attack was made about half-past three on the morning of the 9th Oct. with a force of 1,500 men, conveyed from the Navy Yard in three large steamers. They advanced upon the Zouave camp in three columns, hoping to effect a surprise; but in this they were disappointed, for the picket guard, six hundred yards from the camp, discovered and fired upon them. This alarmed the camp, and doubtless saved the regiment, as the attack was made immediately afterward, with such effect that the Zouaves were forced to fall back, when the camp was set on fire. Reinforcements were now sent out from Fort Pickens, and the tide of battle turned—the rebels being driven with terrible slaughter on toward their boats, and thence to their steamers, during which time they suffered a galling fire from the shore. The Zouaves lost 10 killed, 16 wounded and nine prisoners; the loss of the regulars from the fort was four killed, 20 wounded and 10 prisoners. The rebel loss is estimated as high as 450 killed, wounded and missing. By their own statement it was 350, 35 were taken prisoners, among them three officers.

### Rout of the Rebels at Romney.

GEN. KELLY, who distinguished himself in the attack on Phillippi in May last, in which he was wounded, achieved another brilliant success over the rebels at Romney, on the 26th of October. He marched from New Creek, in Hampshire county, on the night of the 25th, and attacked the enemy at Romney on the next afternoon, routing them and capturing many prisoners, together with three pieces of cannon and all their wagons and camp equipage. The rebels, in their precipitate retreat, took the road toward Winchester. The National loss was but trifling. Subjoined is Gen. Kelly's dispatch:

"ROMNEY, Va., Saturday, Oct. 26—P. M.

"In obedience to your orders, I moved on this place at 12 o'clock last night, attacked the enemy at 3 o'clock this afternoon and drove in their outposts, and after a brilliant action of two hours completely routed them, taking all their cannon and much of their camp equipage, and many prisoners. Our loss is but trifling, but cannot say to what extent.

Brig-Gen. B. F. KELLY, Commanding."

### Another Rebel Defeat in Missouri—Recapture of Springfield.

THE TOWN of Springfield, Mo., has been occupied by the rebels ever since the battle of Wilson's Creek. On the 25th of October, although garrisoned by 2,000 rebels, it was attacked and captured by Maj. Zagoni, at the head of 450 of Fremont's body guards. Subjoined is Gen. Fremont's dispatch:

"HEADQUARTERS, IN THE FIELD, "

"NEAR HARMANSVILLE, Mo., Saturday, Oct. 26."

"Capt. McKeever, Asst.-Adj.-Gen.:

"Yesterday afternoon, Major Zagoni, at the head of my guard, made a most brilliant charge upon a body of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle, at their camp at Springfield, 2,000 or 2,300 strong. He completely routed them, cleared them from the town, hoisted the National flag on the Court House, and retired upon a reinforcement, which he has already joined. Our loss is not great.

"This successful charge against such a very large odds is a noble example to the army. Our advance will occupy Springfield to-night.

"J. C. FREMONT, "Major-General Commanding."

## PERSONAL.

LATE advices from England represent that Miss Florence Nightingale is so seriously ill as to preclude all hope of her recovery.

THE Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has recently been lecturing on the Gorilla. The *Saturday Review* says that he "enters into the ape character with considerable appreciation of the part."

ON the arrival of Victor Emmanuel at Florence, the celebrated Pizzolomi (now Marchioness della Farnia) sang a cantata composed for the occasion, the King listening with evident pleasure all the time while the words were sung: "Oh! if in thy career, O King! thou wert to take up arms against the stranger who reigns! Go! show thyself and he will fly." The crowd caught up the sentiment, and rent the air with shouts of "To Venice!" "To Venice!"

It is stated that Madame Grisi intends venturing on the hazardous experiment of again visiting this country. We may admire the persistence with which she clings to the lyric stage, but her prudence may well be questioned. Better live in the soft light of traditional glories than risk a matured reputation.

MISS JULIA FARRELL, of Chicago, has had a verdict of \$10,000 damages rendered in her favor, against an oculist, whom she alleged destroyed the sight of one of her eyes by an unskillful operation.

THE Louisville *Journal* says: "It affords us pleasure to announce that Dr. William W. Strow, of Long Island, New York, assigned as surgeon to Brigadier-General Anderson's staff, has arrived in our city. He has high distinction as a surgeon, and he comes among us at the right time. For his professional merits and his devotion to the cause of the Union, Kentucky bids him a cordial welcome."

EDWIN BOOTH made his first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on the 30th of September, in the character of Shylock. He was received with hearty applause. The *Times* says, "he is a judicious actor, and gifted with an excellent voice and expressive countenance."

LIEUT. JOHN H. RUSSELL is to be assigned to the command of one of the new gunboats, as an acknowledgment of his services in the destruction of the privateer Judith, in the harbor of Pensacola.

THE Legislature of Connecticut has ordered the portraits of Isaac Toucey, late Secretary of the Navy, and Thomas H. Seymour, late Governor of the State, to be removed from the walls of the State House, for their treacherous propensities.

MR. RUSSELL, the Special Correspondent of the London Times, was arrested and fined the other day, in Illinois, for shooting grouse on Sunday. As he was leaving the court, a good old Scotchwoman put her hand on his shoulder and said to him, "Had ye been at the kirk yesterday, ye wadna been here to-day; and dinna be writing hame ony mair lies about the war."

JESSIE FREMONT is the universal topic of correspondents at the Missouri headquarters. A Western "special" thus sketches the lady-general as he saw her at Camp Lillie: "She strikes one as rather macabre in general appearance, but this first impression is very soon and entirely dissipated in conversation with her. There is not a classical feature about her, and yet her face becomes interesting from the gentle, benevolent and pleasing expression which it assumes in conversation. When lighted up, it is full of brightness, vivacity and intelligence. Her manner is soft, persuasive and insinuating, and her voice uncommonly musical. But her chief outward attraction is her eyes, and she knows how to use them, as most women do. They are brown. Eyes so expressive of every motive are rarely met with. They lend a warmth and fervor to, and adorn and illustrate whatever she says. Indeed the play of her eyes and features, the gloss of her ruddy complexion, and the melody of her voice, add the same effect to her conversation that variations do to a piece of music; and all this despite her really being a plain-looking woman when her countenance is in repose. She has great tact and self-possession, is ready, fluent and unembarrassed in speech; and, without the least sacrifice of dignity, is perfectly free from any sort of conventionality."

SAM HOUSTON has written a letter to the Richmond *Enquirer*, declaring his full sympathy with the rebellion. He says that he opposed Secession until Texas voted herself out of the Union, but then since that time he has obeyed the will of his constituents, and has "performed all the acts of a dutiful and loyal citizen of the Southern Confederacy."

HON. ELI THAYER has received from Secretary Chase the appointment of General Superintendent of the agents of the National Loan for New England. He has already commenced his labors in Connecticut.

HON. JOHN C. CRITTENDEN, the venerable and distinguished Kentuckian, has taken the field against the rebels. The Louisville *Journal* says of him: "He reached this city last evening for the purpose of having an interview with General Anderson. He intends to start next week for the mountains, and endeavor to arouse the hardy sons of the hills to take service for the Government, and repel the invaders from our State. The appearance of the venerable statesman in that quarter will occasion the greatest enthusiasm, and produce the most encouraging effects."

## BOOK NOTICES.

CARTHAGE AND HER REMAINS; being an Account of Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa, &c.; by DR. N. DAVIS. Harper and Brothers, New York, pp. 304.

THIS book, although by no means possessing the charm of narration of Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains," nor yet having the interest of that work as illustrative of Scriptural history, has scarcely a less value to the historical student. The capital of a kingdom founded by the Tyrians, a city of wealth and luxury, and high art, which sent out a Hannibal to humble the pride of Imperial Rome on the plain of Capua, and among the ruins of which schoolboy oratory is accustomed to place Marius, as a symbol of solitude and hopeless despair—the remains of such a city must possess not only a deep interest, but their investigation must result in important historical illustrations. For centuries the site of Carthage has only been marked by a few scattered and shapeless mounds of masonry, and its very name was unknown to the inhabitants residing on it. Time and the spoiler had destroyed all except what the pitying earth had concealed in its bosom. These hidden relics of her greatness and glory, few and frayed and broken as they are, Dr. Davis has restored to light and the admiration of this generation. Through the agency of the mattock and spade, the measuring line, the photographic apparatus and the pencil, he has brought before us vividly the plan and remains of the Temple of Baal, erected by the early settlers from Phœnicia, and the more elaborate remains of the temples and theatres of the era of Roman occupation. Its Coliseum, second only to that of Rome in its proportions and grandeur of architecture, is also second only to that in its present condition of preservation. Like that, it was the scene of cruel persecutions of the Christians in the earlier periods of our era, and of more than one heroic martyrdom. Dr. Davis takes us over the ruins of Utica and Zama, and the sites of the principal Carthaginian towns, and refreshes and enlarges our remembrances of the Punic Wars, in a pleasant yet scholarly manner, altogether producing a book which is a necessary pendant to what we call Ancient History, and without which no library can be complete. Desolation rests on most of the sites of old Carthaginian glory.

"Where the sloping hill and verdant plain

Have oft resounded with the sports of May,

Stalks the gaunt lion now, with proud disdain,

And yelping jackalls seek their scanty prey!"

MAPS.—We have received from Mr. G. Woolworth Colton a series of pocket maps, of the utmost value to the reading public:

1. County and Railway Map of 500 miles around Washington, showing the seat of war in the east.

2. Complete Map of the United States and Canada.

The latter is the clearest and completest map of its size that we know of, and will enable the inquirer to trace the operations of the respective armies with the greatest ease, besides being invaluable in other respects.

MR. J. W. HIGGINSON, 77 Chambers street, has published a very interesting map of the District of Columbia and surrounding country, from Aqua Creek to Harper's Ferry.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"—E. Anthony, 501 Broadway, has published a striking card-portrait of John Howard Payne, author of the world-known ballad of "Home, Sweet Home." It should be attached to the music and words of that touching melody.

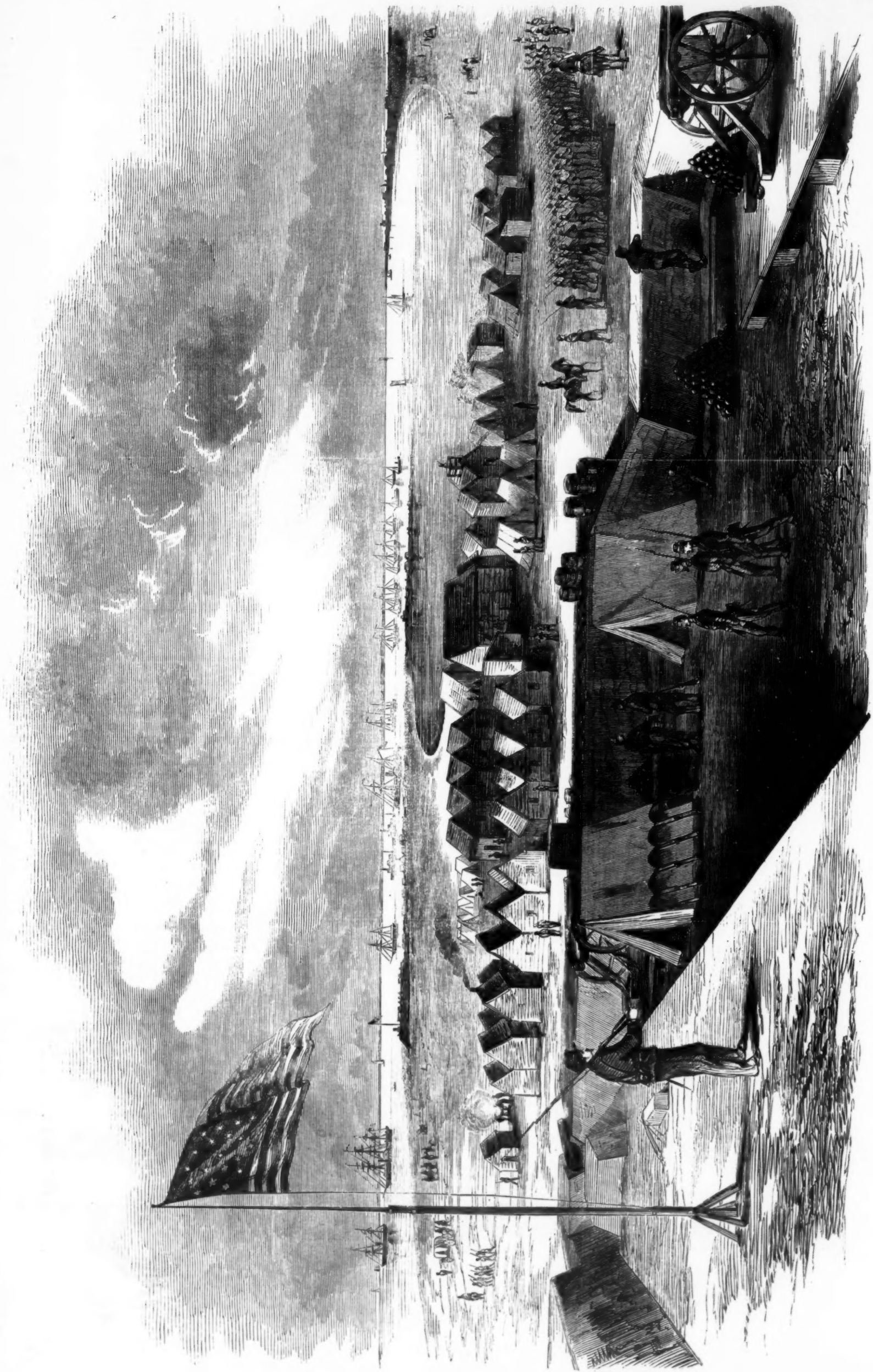
## THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The performance on Monday evening closed the brief three night, or Ullman season, at the opera. It has been successful, and will prove, we presume, the guarantee of another and more protracted season. One thing is certain, it has confirmed the reputation of Miss Hinkley and Miss Kellogg as first-class singers, as well as their position in popular favor. Miss Hinkley, it is said, in conjunction with Signora Brignoli, Mancusi, Surini, Muzio and Herr Mollenhauer, is to give a series of operatic concerts in Baltimore, Washington, Newark, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, Providence and the principal Western cities.

WINTER GARDEN.—The principal attraction of the week has been the "Octoroon" at the Winter Garden. It is a living play, appealing to existing and genuine feelings and sentiments. All that it portrays or suggests we know to be real, and our interest in it is precisely that which we have in the actualities of life. This is the secret of its success, and will be the element of its permanence; for this piece is not destined to an ephemeral existence. The circumstances of its production and success are a part of the history of the times. The part of Salem Scudder is admirably sustained by Mr. Clarke. It is a natural piece of acting, and far more truthful than the conventional stage interpretation of the Yankee by Mr. Jefferson. The petted plantation belle by Miss Fanny Brown was well looked and well acted. Nature has done much to predispose the public in favor of this young lady, and she appears to have talent enough to become one of the pets of the stage. Altogether, the "Octoroon" is well cast, well acted, and will well repay the patrons of the Winter Garden.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Madame Grisi has been engaged by Strakosch to give a series of "farwell concerts" in our principal cities. She is expected here in January. The new opera house in Buffalo will be opened early in December, for a ten weeks' season of opera. The "Angel of Midnight," at Bartram's Museum, is spoken of on all hands as by far the best performance ever given in that establishment. Mr. George Jordan is acting in London in Brougham's "Playing with Fire," and is rather severely criticised by the London press, which has long been waiting for somebody to abuse. Mr. Edwin Booth is playing his round of characters in London, and seems to be gaining in public favor. The Director of Police at Rome, M. Matteucci, is determined to have "well-regulated" theatres. According to the regulations for the autumn, "all applause or expressions of dissatisfaction are absolutely forbidden; bouquets are not to be flung on the stage; and the director is held responsible for the conduct of his artists." Why not forbid laughing and crying at once?





Fort Hatteras.

Anchorage.

Pamlico Sound.

VIEW OF THE CAMP OF THE 20TH INDIANA REGIMENT, ALSO OF FORT HATTERAS, AND THE ANCHORAGE AT HATTERAS INLET, N.C., TAKEN FROM THE RAMPARTS OF FORT CLARK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HATTERAS.



**HATTERAS INLET, N. C.**  
**Camp Hawkins.**

THE commanding position occupied by Hatteras Island naturally lends an interest to it in the public eye, enhanced by the fact that it was the first genuine success the National arms have had. We give in our present number a sketch of the camp near Fort Hatteras, which was formed when our troops occupied the island. It first received Col. Bendix and his German regiment. On their return to Newport News it was taken possession of by the 9th Zouaves, who vacated it upon the arrival of the 20th Indiana regiment, on the 5th October, the 9th removing to Camp Wool.

**Camp Wool.**

This camp, now occupied by the New York 9th regiment of Volunteers, is about two miles from Fort Hatteras, and is situated on the Pamlico side of the island, in order to be partially sheltered from the Atlantic gales. Besides, as any sudden attack must come from the Sound, it puts our troops in a better spot to keep a bright look-out. The 9th Zouaves is in an excellent state of discipline, and reflects great credit upon their colonel, Rush Hawkins, who fought his way bravely through the Mexican war. It numbers 1,046 men. Until the unfortunate capture of the Fanny it had not lost a single man, although it had been engaged in numerous skirmishes with the rebels at Newport News.

**Chicamacomico.**

One of the Indiana troops gives the following sketch of this island on the coast of North Carolina. The island contains some twelve houses, about 60 people; is three miles long, and half a mile wide. It is a wild spot, and notwithstanding the white sand that covers most of its surface, is luxuriant with vegetation and a heavy growth of small timber. The trees are loaded with wild grapes, and the persimmon tree yields its fruits bountifully. Huge box trees, such as decorate the borders of our gardens, thrive in wild beauty. Whortleberry bushes are as thick as grapes. It reminds one of Robinson Crusoe and the Island of Juan de Fernandez, this semi-tropical life in this lone island, the men gathering grapes, fruitful as those brought from Canaan; oysters may be had upon the beach for the trouble of picking them up; and a contraband nigger that followed us from Virginia, will do for the man Friday. To give still more resemblance, we have goats, pigs, chickens and ducks for our Robinson Crusoes to take care of.

**THE LATE COL. E. D. BAKER, U. S. SENATOR FOR OREGON.**

This gallant soldier, who found a hero's death on the 21st October, in the cause of the Republic, was born in England, and came, when he was only four years of age, with his parents and a younger brother, to this country. They settled in Philadelphia, in which city the subject of our present memoir was educated. He was apprenticed to a weaver when very young, and the loom is now standing where he worked for several years with the steady alacrity characteristic of him. The death of his parents leaving him his own master, he, with his brother, emigrated to Illinois. He was then in his 20th year,

possessing a good address, great sagacity, a fair education, and correct principles. With that unaccountable infatuation which possesses so many of our young men, he devoted himself to the law, and studied with such assiduity that he soon became a prominent member of the Illinois Bar. This naturally introduced him to politics, and he had so gained upon the popular will that he was sent to the Legislature, of which he remained for eight years an able and influential member. When the Black Hawk war broke out he offered his services, and went through his first campaign with Mr. Lincoln, whose acquaintance he had found some time before in a lawsuit, where he was the victor. After his return from the Black Hawk campaign, he was sent to Congress, and was fulfilling his duties there when the Mexican war commenced. He was elected Colonel of one of the seven regiments sent by Illinois, a distinction missed by President Lincoln. He fought bravely through the war, and was so severely wounded at the Rio Grande, that his life was despaired of. He, how-

while they lament his fate. He died as a soldier would wish to die, amid the shock of battle, by voice and example animating his men to brave deeds.

The remains of the deceased will be interred in this city with the honors due to his rank, and the funeral arrangements will be ordered by Brigadier-General Silas Casey.

As an appropriate mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the usual badge of military mourning will be worn for the period of 30 days by the officers of the brigade lately under his command.

By command of Major-General McCLELLAN.

S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

**THE BATTERY COMMANDING THE CHAIN BRIDGE, Washington.**

WAR is a fearful and wonderful teacher of topography. Places and objects which a few months ago were known only to travellers, or



THE LATE COL. E. D. BAKER, U. S. SENATOR FOR OREGON, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF BALL'S HEIGHTS, VA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

ever, recovered, and after a brief visit to Washington returned to the seat of war.

When peace was established he undertook to furnish men for the Panama Railroad, which he accomplished, but came back to New York shattered in health. Having regained his strength he went to California, and soon became the first legal practitioner there. His success was remarkable even for that rapid region, and he soon became the leader of the Republican party on the Pacific side. He was a firm friend of Senator Broderick, and his eulogy over his body was full of good feeling eloquently expressed.

In 1859 he went to Oregon and settled in Salem. He was chosen Senator for that State in September, 1860, and took his seat in Washington amid the congratulations of his friends.

When the present rebellion became a settled fact, he threw himself heartily into the cause. His speech at the great Union meeting in Washington Square must be fresh in our readers' minds. He raised a regiment and subsequently a brigade, and was appointed to a Brigadier-General's position, but he preferred to remain Colonel of his favorite California regiment. He was killed at the battle of Leesburg, on the 21st of October. In person Senator Baker was of medium size, and very active. His face was handsome and intelligent. His manners courteous, with a slight dash of the peremptory.

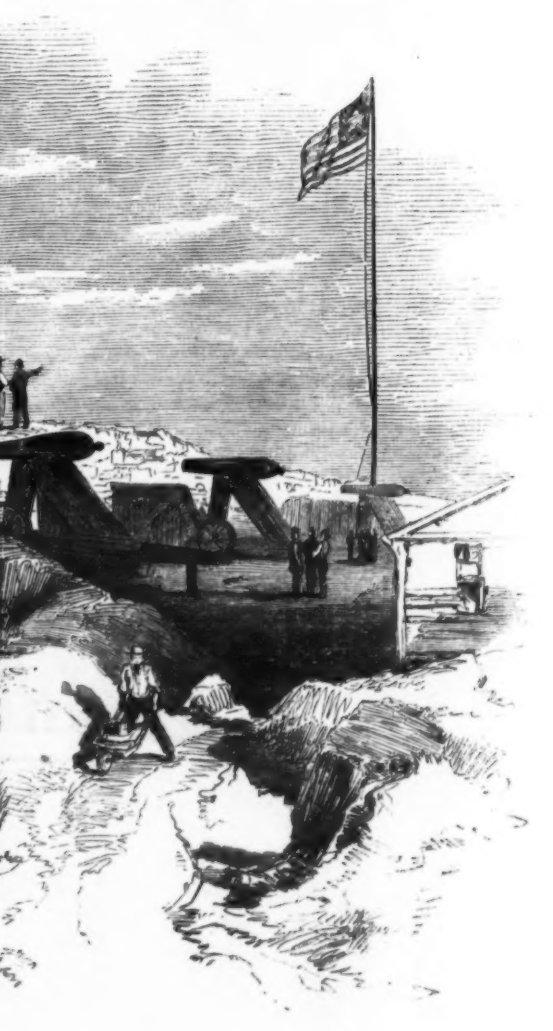
The death of Colonel Baker has called out the following general order from General McClellan:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

"WASHINGTON, October 22, 1861.

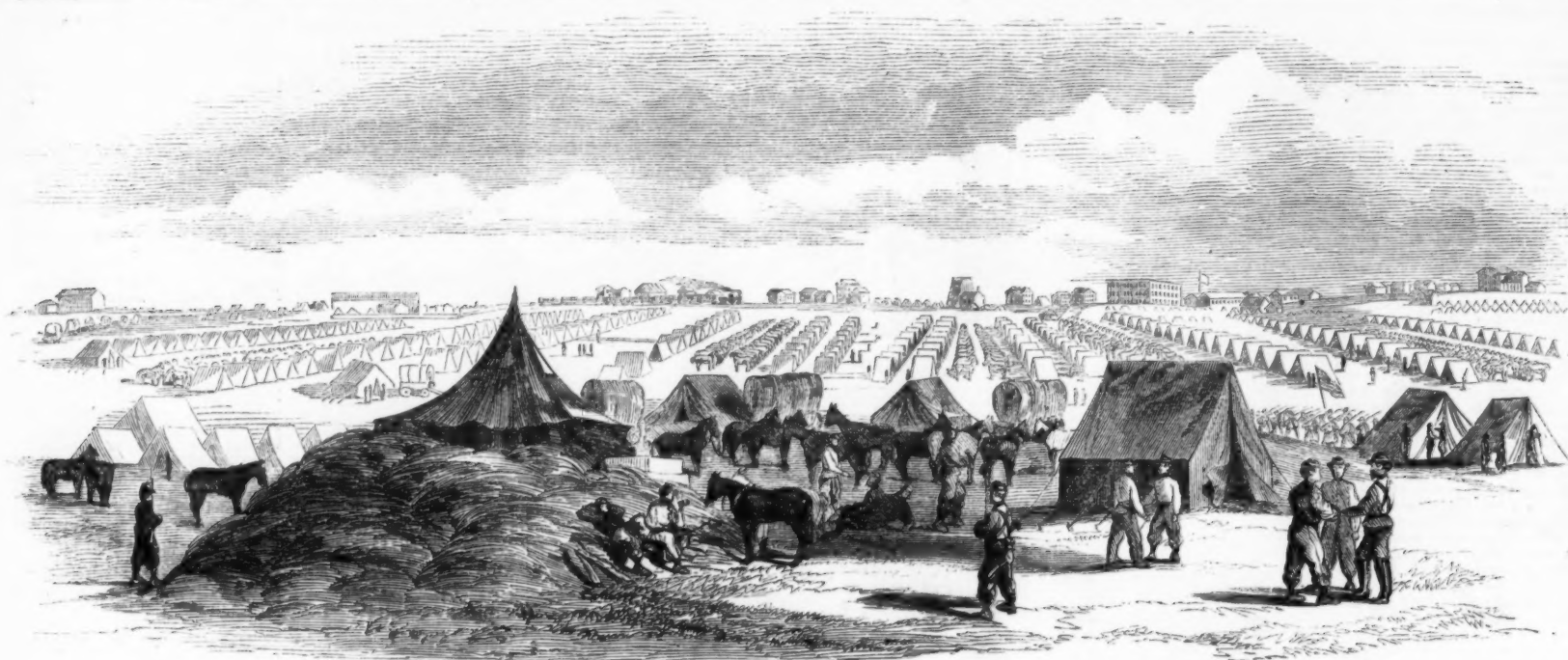
"The Major-General Commanding with sincere sorrow announces to the Army of the Potomac the death of Colonel Edward D. Baker, who fell gloriously in battle on the evening of Monday, the 21st of October, 1861, near Leesburg, Virginia.

"The gallant dead has many titles to honor. At the time of his death he was a member of the United States Senate for Oregon, and it is no injustice to any survivor to say that one of the most eloquent voices in that illustrious body has been silenced by his fall. As a patriot, zealous for the honor and interests of his adopted country, he has been distinguished in two wars, and has now sealed with his blood his devotion to the national flag. Cut off in the fullness of his powers as a statesman, and in the course of a brilliant career as a soldier, while the country mourns his loss, his brothers in arms will envy him the shock of battle, by voice and example animating his men to brave deeds.



NATIONAL BATTERY COMMANDING THE CHAIN BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC RIVER, AT LITTLE FALLS, FIVE MILES ABOVE WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.





GATHERING OF FREMONT'S TROOPS ON THE PRAIRIE NEAR TIPTON, MO., ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE IN PURSUIT OF GEN. PRICE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. FREMONT'S COMMAND.

those dwelling on the spot, are now "familiar as household words." Washington and its adjacent localities are to the majority of our readers now as well known to them as to their denizens. Among the more prominent spots is the Chain Bridge, which crosses the Potomac river at the Little Falls, about five miles above Washington City. It is the direct route from the camp at Tenallytown and Georgetown to Lewinsville and Langley, and is consequently a position of much importance. Our readers will perceive that the National Government has erected a powerful battery on the Maryland side, so as to sweep with utter destruction any hostile force. Now that the Federal Capital is safe, we trust Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee will be rescued from the rebel hordes, whose presence is as unwelcome to the people of those States as it is humiliating to the National cause.

#### CAMP ZAGONI, MISSOURI

If our gallant soldiers had time to think, the placid grandeur of our prairies must, in their march from Tipton to Warsaw, while in pursuit of the rebels, have painfully contrasted with the stormy aspect of the times. The spot where Fremont's army rested after their first day's march from Tipton was eminently suggestive of these reflections. It is on the vast prairies of Missouri, about 15 miles from Tipton, and two miles from Wheatland. The grand army of the West here pitched their tents on the afternoon of the 14th of October, and our Artist describes the scene in glowing colors. A brilliant sunset fell over the whole, which looked more like a monster picnic than the advanced corps of an army bent on the destruction of traitorous brothers. The rapidity with which the evening's meal for a marching regiment is prepared has something of the marvellous in it. Appetite quickens practice, and the air is soon filled with the savory aroma of culinary processes. Then comes the hearty enjoyment of food, which at another time would be passed by, but which now, under the appetizing provocation of hunger, is thankfully received. Not the least of a soldier's trials is the inroad a long march and privation makes upon that fastidiousness which plenty to eat engenders in the human diaphragm.

We may as well mention that the camp is called after the Colonel of General Fremont's body-guard, whose gallant achievement at Springfield on the 25th October we have recorded in its proper place.

#### COLONEL JULIUS STAHEL

Is now in command of the First Brigade of the German Division on the Potomac, known as the Division of General Blenker. Julius Stahel—under which name the Colonel is known here—is a descendant of a family of the oldest nobility, and has served as soldier from his boyhood. In the Austrian army, he was, while yet very young, appointed 1st Lieutenant, and served as such till the breaking-out of the Hungarian war, when he at once threw up his commission, and joined his fellow-citizens in the struggle against Austrian tyranny. He was at first attached to the staff of General Guyon, and afterwards to that of General Georgey. He fought throughout the campaign with undeviating courage, and did not abandon the cause till the surrender of his commander at Vilagos rendered the struggle hopeless. He then retired to Germany, and from thence to England, where he remained several years. He finally came to New York, where he engaged in commercial pursuits. At the commencement of the present rebellion he entered the 1st German Rifle Regiment, Colonel, now General, Blenker, as Lieutenant-Colonel, and was promoted to the Colonelcy after Colonel Blenker received the commission as Brigadier-General. Colonel Stahel is 36 years of age, of small stature, but has eminently intelligent and large eyes.

#### COLONEL GEORGE VON AMSBERG,

Whose portrait we publish to-day, was born in the city of Hildesheim, in the Kingdom of Hanover, in the year 1817. After having graduated in the Polytechnical Institute of his native city, he entered the Austrian army. There he was, in 1839, promoted to a lieutenantcy in the Hohenzollern Chevauxlegers; in 1841 he became captain of the 8th regiment of Hussars, and in 1848 Major of the same. In 1848, Major Von Amsberg, with his entire regiment, joined the Hungarians in their struggle to liberate themselves from

Austrian tyranny. During this war he served some time as Adjutant-General of General Count Dembinsky, and as such was decorated after the battle of Szolnok, where he captured six Austrian guns. After having bravely fought in 21 battles, he was promoted to a colonelcy, and in the summer of 1849 he was made a Brigadier-General. As such he was at the head of 13,000 men against the whole Russian army on the 2d of August, 1849, in the battle of Debrecsin. After the Hungarians had laid down their arms at Vilagos, General Amsberg was sentenced to 16 years imprisonment by the Austrian court-martial, but was pardoned after nine years captivity, on condition that he left Germany. Von Amsberg then emigrated to the United States, where he was for some time engaged as riding-master in Hoboken, New Jersey. At the breaking out of the present rebellion he joined the 5th regiment New York State Militia as Major, and served as such during the three months the regiment was engaged. He now commands the 45th regiment New York Volunteers, one of the finest German regiments that has yet left New York to fight against the rebels.

#### LIEUT. A. D. HARRELL, OF THE U. S. NAVY.

This brave and loyal sailor was born in Virginia, and entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, as a citizen of Tennessee, in 1834. His commission dates from May 17th, 1847. Left an orphan at a very early age, he was adopted by a relative, who, having some political influence, recommended him to select the Navy as a profession. Lieut. Harrell was tempted some months ago with a very flattering offer from the rebel authorities, but "he remembered his oath and he loved his flag," and will prove true and loyal to the death. In our last paper, page 355, we gave a brief account of the gallant manner in which he burnt a rebel schooner on the night of the 11th of October, but as the performers of daring achievements should be their own historians, we give his graphic but modest report:

U. S. STEAMER UNION, }  
AQUA CREEK, Oct. 11, 1861.  
SIR—I have the honor to submit the following report for your information:  
Being informed of a large schooner lying in Quantico or Dumfries

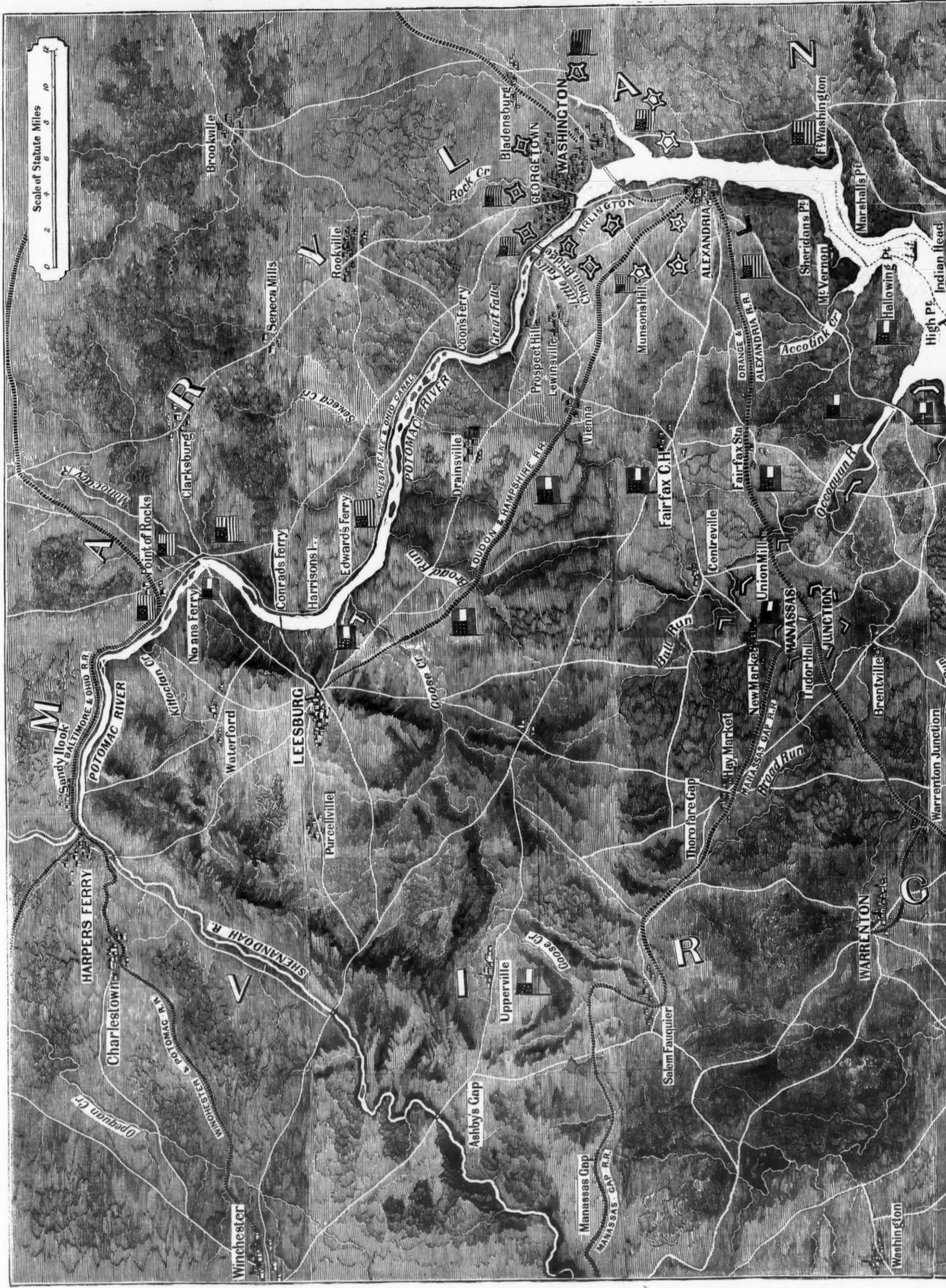


ACTING BRIGADIER-GENERAL JULIUS STAHEL, COLONEL OF 8th REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.



GEORGE VON AMSBERG, COLONEL OF 45th REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.













SUICIDE OF THE JAILOR ON THE GRAVE OF HIS VICTIM.

## The Graveyard Secret;

A Narrative of Criminal Administration in Germany.

### CHAPTER VIII.—A FEARFUL REVELATION.

I FOUND myself in a large chamber, faintly lighted by a night-lamp. The bed-curtains were drawn, and I could not see the judge's face, but I recognised his voice, weak and altered as it was by the approach of death.

"You are my successor, I believe, sir?" he inquired.  
 "Temporarily, judge, for I hope that your recovery—"  
 "My recovery!" he said, sadly, but did not conclude the phrase he had begun. "Take a seat, sir, I have an important communication to make to you."

I did as he requested, and after a few moments he began,  
 "Permit me to ask you a question, sir. Did you visit Z— some six years ago?"

"Yes, judge; and you yourself kindly accompanied me through your establishment, and explained to me your mode of conducting it."

"Six years ago, I believe, you manifested suspicions against the jailor?"

"Not without reason, I fear, judge."  
 "Did you again manifest them to-day?"

"I do not know to what extent—"

"You did do so, I know. But this is not what I wished to inquire. Have you made any discoveries confirmatory of them?"

"What I have seen has tended to increase them, but I have ascertained nothing positive."

"Is Martin Kraus convinced of this fact?"

"I know not; but I have neither said nor done anything to lead him to suppose to the contrary."

"Thank Heaven, then all is not lost!"

I might have asked an explanation of these words, but I saw from his painful efforts that he was preparing to make one voluntarily.

"Sir," he went on in a firm voice, "I have sent for you, to confide to you a secret. I must do this to die in peace (for I have but a few hours to live), and also to prevent an additional crime. Have the kindness, then, to follow me attentively:

"I was but twenty-five years of age when I became chief magistrate here. Obligated to quit the residence where I had led a life of dissipation, I still could not resolve to abandon it entirely, and in spite of my new duties I spent the largest portion of the year in my former home, leaving the charge of my affairs to my subordinates. I was too fond of pleasure not to dislike work. The result was, that business became entirely neglected, particularly that which especially devolved upon me. But I was a severe, inexorable judge; I was highly and influentially connected at court, and no one dared to make complaints of my neglect. Besides, I took care that my accounts should be exact, and, as you know, ministers do not trouble themselves by going much beyond this."

"A short time after my arrival in Z— a mechanic established himself here. His wife's name was Nettchen Thalmann, your mother's friend, for whom you inquired six years ago. His name was Brunner."

"What light this simple name afforded me!"

The judge continued:

"The mechanic Brunner was an intelligent, laborious man—a genius, it was said, but an unfortunate genius. He made numberless inventions which are now universally adopted, and which enriched every one but himself."

"At the time I speak of, counterfeiting had become very common. Large quantities of false money had been put into circulation. Several times men had been seen mysteriously gliding at night into Brunner's house, who had suddenly become prosperous, no one knew how."

"I suspected him of counterfeiting, and believed that he employed men to distribute false money throughout the country. But not being possessed of proofs sufficient to warrant an arrest, I caused his movements to be watched."

"A short time after this, an unknown person deposited a considerable sum of spurious money in the bank of a neighboring town, and I ascertained that a few weeks before the same individual had secretly visited Brunner. I considered that this warranted an examination of the house, and determined to conduct it myself. My curiosity had been excited, and I supposed that I should have little trouble in managing the affair, and that I should obtain great reputation by it, inasmuch as the public was at that time deeply interested in the discovery and punishments of the delinquents."

"My suspicions were confirmed by my judicial visit to Brunner's abode. I found there various machines for the fabrication of false money. He pretended that they had been ordered by strangers who had invented a new process of manufacturing copper and iron ornaments, and that they were to be called for within a few weeks. He also admitted having before made similar machines for the same parties. I attached no importance to these explanations, and immediately arrested him."

"At first, I pursued my investigations with the ardor of curiosity and novelty. But they did not tend to any result as rapidly as I had hoped, and I soon began to neglect the affair, and finally conceived such a dislike for it, that I banished all thought of it from my mind, and ended by completely forgetting the prisoner."

"Eight years after this, the jailor, Martin Kraus, entered my office. He was then, as he is now, a stern, taciturn man, but he is an exact and faithful jailor, devoted heart and soul to his employer. I had remarked that for several days previously, he had been more than

usually dark and gloomy. But on the morning to which I refer, he was absolutely cheerful."

"Judge," he said, "Brunner's wife died last night."

"I had not heard this name for years, and had entirely forgotten the prisoner. The jailor's words fell like iron on my soul."

"What has become of her husband?" I inquired.

"She died in extreme poverty."

"What has become of her husband?" I repeated.

"He is dead!"

"Mad? Impossible!"

"He has been so these three years."

"And you never informed me of this?"

"Why should I have done so? It was too late. You could not have restored him to reason, nor could you have liberated him."

"I should most certainly have done the latter."

"Yes, that every one might have said that the judge had for five years confined an innocent man without bringing him to trial, and that despair had driven this man mad! Your honor, judge, is too dear to me to have permitted this. No one in the world must know of my delinquency."

"But what have you done with the poor wretch?"

"I disposed of him three years ago."

"How? you have—"

"He still lives, judge."

"What have you done with him, then?"

"There are subterranean passages beneath the baily."

"And you have confined him in one of these?"

"Yes."

"Beneath the convent?"

"The passages extend beneath the cemetery."

"Well?"

"I alone know this, and this was the only place where he could be concealed from all eyes. His voice, it is true, may be heard in the cemetery, but so indistinctly that no suspicions can be excited."

"But these passages are destitute of light!"

"True, judge."

"Jailor, your conduct is inhuman!"

"Judge, you yourself are raving; all this has happened, remember, through no fault of mine. I supposed it of little consequence that a man destitute of reason should be deprived of light and companionship, provided that your honor remained pure and stainless. What I have endeavored to prevent has been the scandal and disgrace which would have resulted from your negligence. For this reason I confined him beneath ground and reported him as dead. His wife is the only person, who, for the last eight years, has inquired for him, and she is now gone. He himself has not long to live, for he is thin and weak. Inscribe his death, therefore, formally upon your register, dating it back some six or seven years, and you will never again hear of him. One word more, and I have finished, judge. This wife has left a child of twelve years of age, born a few months subsequent to the imprisonment of his father. He has no relatives, and I thought that perhaps your honor would take charge of him. It would be an act of charity."

"And he left me with as tranquil an air as if he had made the most commonplace announcement."

### CHAPTER IX.—THE UNVEILING OF THE MYSTERY.

AND yet what a fearful history had he just related to me! What terrible truths had he uttered! My honor, in the eyes of the world, was untarnished, but my conscience I dared not face. What fatal fruits had my negligence and inattention borne!

"What was I to do? Allow matters to remain as they stood, and in order to save my reputation to condemn this man to such a fearful doom which must end in a miserable death? and I had no longer the plea of ignorance to urge in my defence. Yet I was weak enough to leave matters to remain as they were. I had not the courage to unveil my shame, to exchange my position as judge for that of a criminal at the bar of justice, to brand my wife and daughter with misery and shame."

"I left the unfortunate Brunner in his dungeon, and sheltered myself from all suspicion by entering his death on the register. I endeavored to stifle my remorse by good works. I fulfilled my duties with the utmost fidelity and humanity, and I hoped, by my conduct in the future, to redeem the errors of the past."

"I took charge of the child of the mechanic, and brought him up as my own son. His health, unfortunately, was too feeble to permit of his attending college, but I gave him a position in my office."

"He was reared with my daughter, and loved her. I threw no obstacles in the way of his affection, and would willingly have given her to him had she consented to a marriage. But she cherished no love for the companion of her childhood, only the tenderest friendship and compassion. I have often regretted this."

"There was but one person who suspected Brunner's fate. This was his son, to whom his mother, on her deathbed, had communicated the terrible suspicions which had embittered her life. But the boy has never succeeded in verifying them. He wanders at night through the graveyard, vainly seeking to find some evidence of his father's fate, but even had he done so, his love for my child would have prevented him from denouncing her father."

"I had, therefore, nothing to fear. Martin Kraus's fidelity was undoubted, and I never thought of his death. Still less did I reflect on my own, and yet my time has now come, and it is too late to expiate my fault. Still, I cannot appear with it unconfessed upon my mind, at the judgment bar of God; besides, I wish to prevent the commission of a new crime. To save my honor, even after my death, Martin Kraus would not hesitate to commit murder—he has told me as much, and he will keep his word. In the moment that he is assured that your suspicions regarding the prisoner have become a certainty, Brunner will have ceased to exist, and his body will have

disappeared, without leaving behind a single trace. Do anything you can to prevent this new horror!"

"I have long hesitated before avowing to you this terrible secret. I should not tell it you now, but that I cannot die and let this poor wretch continue to suffer; for to add to the enormity of my guilt, I received proofs of his innocence a few years ago. Perhaps, with his restoration to liberty, his reason may return. Set him free, then, but in fulfilling this duty, spare my child as far as possible; she is so good, so pure, her faith in me is so unshaken!"

He paused. He could speak coldly of the loss of life and even honor, but when his thoughts turned on parting from his child, and the heritage of shame he was about to leave her, his heart seemed almost broken.

After the strong man had indulged in a burst of bitter tears, he resumed:

"The entrance to the subterranean passages is in the old convent, beneath the staircase, and the one extending under the church is to the right of the entrance. At the end of this is a door opening into Brunner's dungeon. If Martin Kraus refuses to conduct you there voluntarily, oblige him to do so."

He hesitated, then continued:

"Spare, as far as possible, the old jailor. His blind devotion and fidelity to me have caused him to commit this crime. Now, sir, act as your duty and your heart counsel you!"

He was silent, and extended his hand. I pressed it gently.

"Farewell," said he, "I cannot live through the night, and we shall never meet again. Have pity on my poor child!"

I rose and left the room deeply affected. My curiosity was at last satisfied, but at what fearful cost! What a heavy responsibility now rested upon me!

I met the judge's daughter in the hall; she was awaiting me, and looked anxiously and inquiringly into my face.

"You passed a long time with my father. What did he communicate to you? Will you not tell me?" she asked.

"Do not refer to our interview, lest you should distress him," I replied, evasively; "you will find him more calm, but he needs repose."

"Then, sir, you cannot repeat to me what my father has told you?"

"No, mademoiselle, but not from the reason which you suppose; your fears are unfounded. Some other time I shall explain myself more fully."

Saying which I hastened away.

What was I to do now? I had accepted a painful task indeed, which not alone the prayers of the judge, but also my duties as a man and a magistrate compelled me to execute at once. The judge apprehended a murder. True, he did not fear that Martin Kraus would commit it immediately, but I was far from feeling so confident of this delay; he was ignorant, which I of course was not, of the scene that had taken place during the evening, in the old church.

I went at once to the prison. I was alone and unarmed, and I asked myself if I was not needlessly courting danger; for if the jailor would not scruple to murder the prisoner in order to save the honor of his master, might he not also assassinate me, the more surely to conceal all traces of the terrible secret? But the judge's reputation, which I desired if possible to protect, and my own honor, which I would not imperil by manifesting fear, induced me to act alone, and I determined, at any personal risk, to save the prisoner, whose life my curiosity, however legitimate, had jeopardized.

I went, therefore, direct to the prison, to Martin Kraus's own chamber, where he was seated, with a pipe in his mouth, which filled the whole chamber with smoke.

I entered without rapping, but he manifested neither fear nor surprise at my visit. He quietly laid aside his pipe and rose, as if awaiting orders.

"Jailor," said I, "light your lantern."

"Shall I also light the dark lantern, sir?"

"Yes."

This done, I said,

"You will now conduct me to the subterranean passage beneath the old convent."

"At your orders, sir."

"To the passage extending beneath the cemetery."

"At your orders."

He opened a large wardrobe in a corner of the chamber, and after taking therefrom two keys, he closed it carefully; then, turning to me, he rejoined,

"I am at your service, sir."

This was uttered in a tone so calm, and with such an air of indifference, that one would have supposed my order to have been the most natural in the world.

We left the prison. It was about eleven o'clock. The courtyard was deserted, the old convent silent, no light was visible from any of its windows, save the feeble rays struggling from the sick man's chamber.

We walked in silence to the door of the subterranean passage, beneath the staircase, meeting no one. The jailor opened the door with a degree of ease which proved that he was accustomed to the task, and we descended the steps.

"Shall I leave the door open?" he inquired.

"No; close it," I responded, unwilling that he should suspect me of fear.

He closed the door, placing the key in his pocket.

### CHAPTER X.—A MARTYR TO FALSE PRINCIPLE—CONCLUSION.

I FOUND myself in a large empty space, into which several corridors opened from different directions. The jailor entered one of these to the right, which, judging by its course, I supposed to extend beneath the church and cemetery. This was evidently the passage referred to by the judge; so I followed Martin Kraus. The walls were damp and close together, and the vaulted roof nearly touched our heads.

The light given by our lanterns was too faint to permit of my seeing far in advance. But we reached the end of the passage in a few moments. We walked on, in perfect silence, until we came to an oaken door, secured by bars of iron, when the jailor turned to me as if awaiting my orders.

I approached the door and listened, but the beating of my own heart was the only sound I heard.

The jailor remained motionless beside me, with a calm, indifferent air.

"Open this door," I commanded.

He did so immediately.

We entered a large, vaulted room. The ground was covered with dust, the walls were damp and bare. But it was tenanted. No prisoner was to be found, nor were there any indications that any human being had ever existed here.

I turned suddenly upon the jailor:

"What have you done," I inquired sternly, "with the man who was confined here up to this evening?"

"No one was ever confined here."

"The prisoner's name was Brunner."

"A person by that name died in prison twenty years ago."

"Jailor, the judge has confessed all! Tell me, then, what have you done with the man?"

"The judge must have been delirious to have told you any such story!"

"Do not attempt longer to deceive me, jailor. I know all, I tell you, and even had the judge not confided his secret to me, I should to-morrow have made use of my power to discover it. You are aware of this, and also of the punishment which your crime merits. Now, listen to me; for the preservation of the judge's reputation, for the honor of the judiciary corps, which would be tarnished by such a scandalous exposure, for you yourself, Martin Kraus, whose fidelity I respect, however fearful the crime which it has induced you to commit—I will suffocate this affair. But on one condition only, that you will place your prisoner in my hands, in order that he may be treated with justice and humanity. If you will do this, no legal investigation shall be made into your crime; but if you refuse, I will certainly unveil your master's and your own fearful guilt to the eyes of the world, and you will both for ever be blasted and dishonored! Now you have heard me, jailor!"

"I repeat, sir, I know not to what prisoner you refer."

"Have a care, jailor! If I am forced to cause your arrest, and the investigation which I shall institute be not speedily crowned with success, and should your prisoner die during this detention, it would not be an abuse of power alone of which you would be guilty, but an odious and premeditated murder, which would lead you to the scaffold."



Creek, and knowing, also, that a large number of troops were collected at that point, with the view of crossing the Potomac River, as was reported to me, I conceived it to be my duty to destroy her. With this object in view, I took two launches and my boat and pulled in for the vessel, at half-past two o'clock this morning. One of the launches was commanded by midshipman W. F. Stewart, accompanied by the master, Edward L. Haynes, of the Rescue, and the other by acting master Amos Foster, of the Resolute. I also took with me the pilot of the vessel, Lewis Penn. Some little difficulty was experienced in finding the entrance to the creek, which you will remember is very narrow. But having found it, we pulled up this crooked channel within pistol shot of either shore, until we discovered the schooner. She was close to the shore in charge of a sentry, who fled at our approach and alarmed the camp. She had a new suit of sails and all the furniture complete in the cabin, which was collected together and fired, producing a beautiful conflagration, but unfortunately revealing our position to the enemy, who commenced a rapid fire from both banks of that narrow and tortuous stream, intermingled with opprobrious epithets, until we were beyond their range.

Our crews returned a random fire from the boats and two launches, gave three cheers, and pulled for their vessels, the light from the burning schooner guiding them on their way. Her destruction was complete, and although the clothes of the men and the boat were perforated with balls not a man was killed. Officers and men vied with each other in the performance of their duty. Acting-Master Foster applied the match in the cabin of the doomed vessel.

Acting Assistant Surgeon, W. R. Bensall, accompanied the expedition, ready, should his services be required.

I hope what I have done will meet your approbation, although I have acted without orders.

This little affair will show the enemy at least that we are watching him, and ready to meet and destroy his preparations for crossing the river at all times.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

A. D. HARRELL, Lieutenant-Commanding.

To Capt. T. J. CRAVEN, commanding Potomac Flotilla.

Dumfries or Quantico Creek, for it is known by both these names, is about 22 miles below Alexandria, being situated between Occoquan River and Aquia Creek.

#### OUR MAP OF THE POTOMAC.

In our paper of the 26th October, No. 309, we published the most comprehensive map yet issued of the Southern Border and Western States, and so arranged it that the reader can ascertain at a glance the battles that have been fought, the disposition of the two armies, and the ports now blockaded by the National Government. We now present a most valuable and accurate view of the river Potomac and its adjacent parts; this combines the interest of a panorama with the utility of a map, since the scene is not distorted as in what are called bird's-eye views, but the distances are carefully preserved, so as to enable the reader to follow in "his mind's eye" the entire campaign. Our map also gives the exact position of the rebel batteries which now blockade the Potomac, also that of the rebel steamer Page, now flitted between the National vessels, and likewise the Potomac Flotilla.

#### THE REBEL BRIGADIER-GENERAL WM. I. HARDEE.

This famous traitor, whose celebrity is more derived from a book which he neither wrote nor compiled than for any real military genius or services, is a Georgian by birth, and owes his education and reputation to the Republic which he now seeks to destroy. He entered West Point in 1834, and was made Second Lieutenant of Dragoons in 1838. In April, 1839, he received the appointment of Assistant Commissioner of Subsistence, and in December was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. In September, 1844, he was made Captain. He was brevetted Major for his conduct at Medlin, near Vera Cruz, and subsequently made Lieutenant-Colonel for his services at St. Augustine, August 20, 1847. He was also at the battle of Molino del Rey. In 1853 he was appointed by the War Department to superintend the publication of the "Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics," and which was published at the expense of the Government. In July, 1856, he was made Commander of the Corps of Cadets, and Instructor of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry Tactics.

At the commencement of the present rebellion he fled from Washington and offered his services to the Confederate traitors. He was made Brigadier-General, and despatched to Missouri to co-operate with Price, Rains and McCulloch. He has performed no deed of any special note in his new command, and was by the last accounts with a small force in the south-eastern part of Missouri.

**PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS.**—Seventeen private soldiers of the French army in Bonaparte's time, by their bravery and talents, raised themselves to the following distinguished stations: Two became kings; two, princes; nine, dukes; two, field marshals; and two, generals.



LIEUTENANT A. D. HARRELL, COMMANDING U. S. GUNBOAT UNION, POTOMAC FLOTILLA.

#### OBITUARY.

**CAPTAIN GEORGE COGGESHALL.**—Captain Coggeshall, well-known to the mercantile and nautical world, died in this city on the 13th of August last. He was the author of several works detailing his adventures as a merchant captain, and also wrote a very minute history of privateering during the last war with England, in which he actively participated.

**MADAME ROSE CHERI.**—One of the most popular and beloved actresses of Paris, Madame Rose Cheri, died in that capital on the 21st of September. She was born in 1824, and at the time of her death was the wife of M. Montigny, manager of the Gymnase Theatre, of which she was the chief ornament. In simplicity and delicacy of style she more nearly resembled Miss Agnes Robertson than any familiar actress of the English stage. Her first appearance in the metropolis was a happy and somewhat romantic accident. She undertook at shortest notice the part of an indisposed actress, on the 8th of April, 1842, at the Gymnase, and came before an impatient audience with the modesty of a child. When the comedy was done she was complimented before the curtain, and the name of Cheri was substituted for her own less mellifluous one of Cizos. It was Scribe who asked her hand for Montigny, and the marriage took place on the 12th of May, 1847.

**JOHN M. VANDENHOFF,** father of the popular reader, and one of the pillars of the British drama, died recently in London. He came upon the London stage in the year 1819, his original destination having been the church, but before this event had done a good deal of provincial playing, beginning the actor's career at the age of 18. He once sang with Edmund Kean the duet of "All's Well" in the opera of the "English Fleet." For his debut in London at the Covent Garden he played King Lear, Charles Kemble taking the part of Edgar, and Miss Foote, afterward Dowager Countess of Harrington, that of Cordelia. In 1833-'36 he led the business at both the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, playing on alternate nights at each theatre, with a company of which Miss Ellen Tree was a member. In 1836-'37 he played Eleazar in the "Jewess" 80 nights in succession, Miss Ellen Tree playing his daughter. He visited this country the year after, where he was enthusiastically received. Finally after more

than half a century's work, he retired from the stage in his 71st year, without a blot upon his escutcheon, and not long since he was honored in Liverpool with a magnificent testimonial, the Mayor presiding on the occasion.

**WILLIAM FARREN,** another standard British actor, is also dead. His forte was the delightful, fussy, disputatious, vehement, easily irritated old man, of which the British drama offers so many capital types. He first appeared at Plymouth in 1806, and on the 10th of September, 1811, entered the London grand army at Covent Garden, playing Sir Peter Teazle with incontestable success. His eccentricity led him to play on one occasion the Old Maid; on another, Meg Merrilies; and again Shylock. While he was playing Old Parr at the Haymarket, in May, 1814, he was seized with a fit, which, through injudicious treatment, culminated in a severe stroke of paralysis. Nevertheless, after his recovery, he remained for ten years longer before the public as an actor, at the Haymarket, and as manager and actor at the Strand and the Olympic; and his last appearance was at the Haymarket, where, on the 16th of July, 1855, he played Lord Ogleby on the occasion of his farewell benefit.

**EX-GOVERNOR WOODBRIDGE,** of Michigan, died in Detroit on the 20th of October. He was a native of Connecticut, removed to Ohio at an early age, and became a resident of Detroit in 1816, a time when there was scarcely a white inhabitant in any other part of Michigan. He was successively Territorial Secretary, Governor and United States Senator.

**AUGUST SONTAG,** the accomplished astronomer, who accompanied Dr. Hayes on his last exploring expedition, died from the severities of his protracted voyage. He was a German by birth, and was at the Dudley Observatory when invited by Dr. Hayes to accompany him on the expedition. Though comparatively young, he had travelled extensively, and enjoyed a high reputation as a scientific observer.

**COLONEL ABEL SMITH,** of the 13th (Brooklyn) regiment, was fatally injured while attempting to enter a railway car, at Mechanicsville, in this State, and died on the 19th. Always of a martial turn, he was under his instruction and liberal pecuniary support that the 13th regiment attained its high proficiency and position. He and his men were among the first to offer their services to the Government in the dark days of April, and it was while engaged in reorganizing his regiment for the war that Colonel Smith met with the fatal accident which we have recorded. The soldier's life is not always demanded at the cannon's mouth; but wherever he may fall in his country's service, he still merits the gratitude of his countrymen. He none the less lies "dead on the field of honor" who falls under the fever of the camp, the accidents of the march, or under the shot of the enemy.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

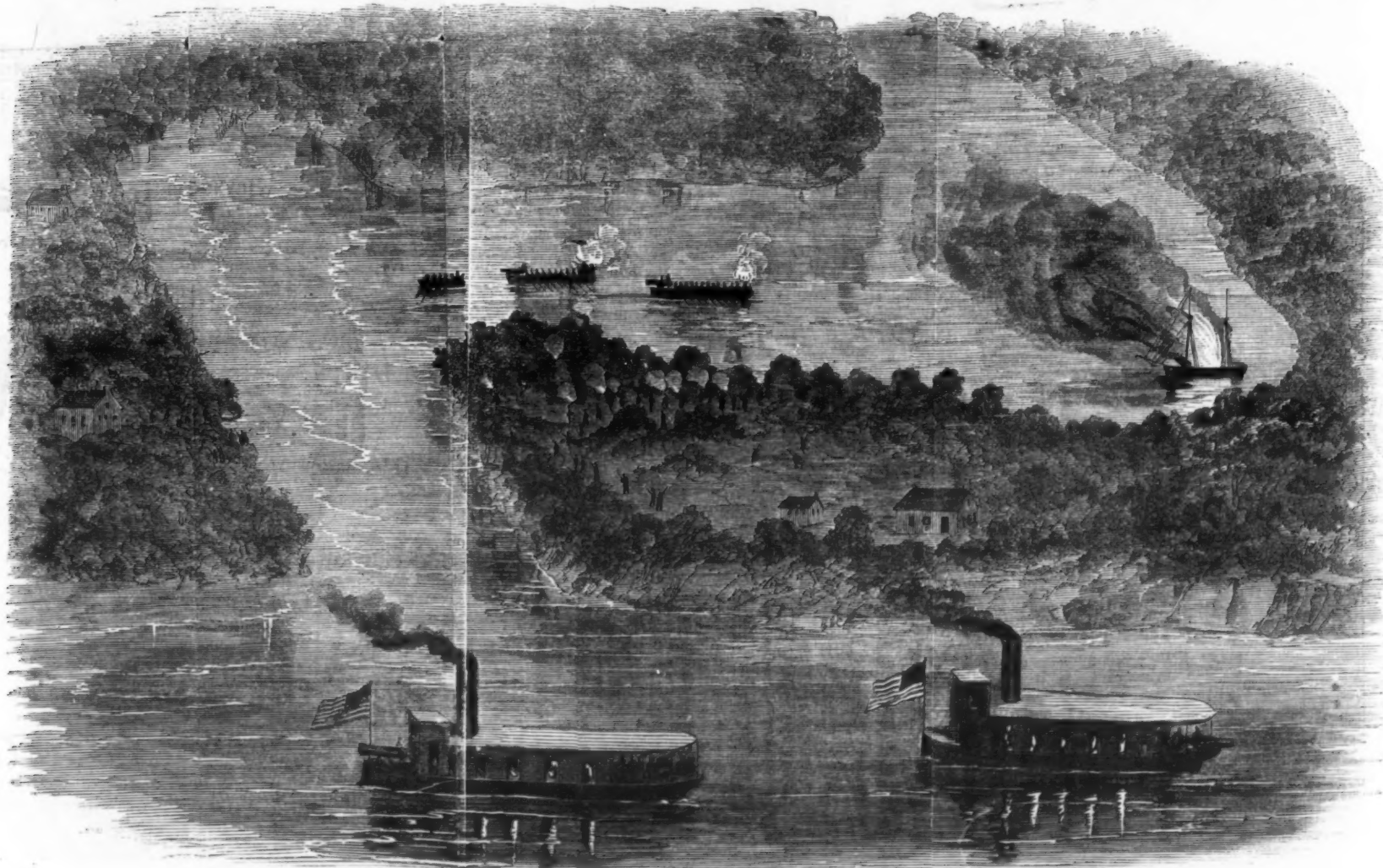
**RULES OF THE ROAD IN PARIS.**—An elegant "horse-breaker," known as Mademoiselle Aurelia, who is in the habit of showing off at the Champs Elysees, in a dashing britska, which she drives herself, was brought up the other day before the Correctional Police, charged with knocking over an old woman. For the defence it was stated that the complainant was in fault, she having most carelessly got in the way of the horse, and moreover, that the defendant had given her money and taken every possible care of her since the accident. But to Mademoiselle Aurelia's great horror and astonishment, she was informed by the court of a police regulation which prohibits "women and children" from driving at all in Paris. The fair defendant indignantly protested against this law, and declared that she had met with five carriage accidents in her life when gentlemen were driving, whereas this was the first mishap which had occurred when she handled the ribbons herself. The court, however, was ungallant enough to fine her 100 francs.

**SHELLEY'S GRAVE.**—We hear from Rome that the tombs of Keats and Shelley are about to be restored. Mr. Severn, the newly appointed British Consul in that city, has resolved to give them his early attention. They have fallen into great decay. It is proposed to substitute a "Greek altar," with a medallion portrait on the front of it, for the simple headstone which was placed over Keats's grave in 1821.

The rumor is received that the English Court has sought the hand of a continental princess for the Prince of Wales. The selected fair one is said to be Alexandra, the daughter of Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. The Princess was born in 1844. Her father is the declared heir to the Danish throne by the King under the treaty of 1853.

The vintage of France will this year be magnificent. It is now being carried on with great activity in the southern provinces and in Burgundy. Everywhere the grapes are fine, there being very few that have not ripened. No doubt is entertained that in all parts of the country the wine will be abundant and of very superior quality; there seems, therefore, to be some truth in the supposition that come years are favorable to the cultivation of the grape.

A LATE letter from Bordeaux (France), relates the following significant fact: "The schooner William Abbott, of Bangor, Me., was coming up the river with a rebel flag flying at the fore, and no flag at the main or aft. She came to anchor at Pauline, a few miles below the city, and the custom-house boat went alongside. The flag was hauled down in about half an hour, and the captain went on shore. When she got under weigh to go up to the city she could not pass the guardship until that glorious flag of Stars and Stripes was hoisted at the main and she will be obliged to hoist it as long as she remains in France."



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE BURNING OF A REBEL SCHOONER IN QUANTICO OR DUMFRIES CREEK, POTOMAC RIVER, ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 11, BY LIEUTENANT A. D. HARRELL, AND A DETACHMENT FROM THE POTOMAC FLOTILLA. — FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER IN THE EXPEDITION.



"A prisoner to die, must first have lived, sir."  
 "Have you then murdered him, wretch?"  
 "If any one but you, sir, accused me of—"  
 "Jailor, you are my prisoner, follow me!"  
 "At your orders, sir," he replied, still coldly and calmly. Was this man made of iron, that he should be so immovable?  
 Before leaving, I again examined the place, unwilling to believe that all hope was lost. But my search was fruitless. In one of the angles, behind a pillar sustaining the arched roof, I perceived a stone staircase, cut in the wall.

"Where does that stairway lead, jailor?" I asked.  
 "I do not know, sir," was the reply.  
 "Then we will ascertain," I answered, and I sprang up the stairs.  
 "What would you do, sir?" exclaimed the jailor anxiously;  
 "stop! stop, I tell you, if you value your life!"  
 Certain that now I was about to lose consciousness, I ascended hastily, and the more so because the jailor, finding that I did not heed his warning, had sprung up after me.

But suddenly my head struck violently against an object which I had not noticed, and, stunned, I staggered back, and would have fallen, had not the jailor, who was already by my side, seized me with one hand, while with the other he raised a trapdoor and lifting me up deposited me on the ground.

I feared for a moment that I was about to lose consciousness, but the fresh air revived me, and rising with difficulty, I looked about me. I was in the side chapel of the church. The trapdoor raised by the jailor was the entrance to the well.

"What has happened?" I asked, in my confusion. "What have you done?"

"You may see for yourself, sir," quietly responded my companion.

And descending a few steps, he held his lantern over the staircase. It extended down into the well for a few feet, where, as I supposed, it turned off, and led to the subterranean passages. I had struck my head against the flagstone which covered the well, and but for the intervention of Martin Kraus I should certainly have fallen from the staircase into the water. He had saved me from a fearful death!

"Martin Kraus," said I, in a voice vibrating with emotion, "you have saved my life—a service which renders me eternally your debtor; you will believe me now, therefore, when I tell you that at all hazards I will protect the judge's honor and your own, and that happen what may, the secret which you have so carefully guarded shall never be revealed. This shall be so, I swear to you! But in the name of Heaven, for my peace of mind, which will be lost for ever, if by my silence I become the accomplice of this crime; for the repose of your own conscience, which must be racked with terrible remorse, I conjure you restore to liberty this innocent man. I will convey him far from here—so far, that the mystery which now enshrouds his life shall never be discovered. Martin Kraus, I ask this of you in the name of justice, in the name of the judge, who is consumed by remorse, and whose last moments you can thus soothe! What have you done with the prisoner Brunner?"

"As I have already told you, sir, the man died twenty years ago. Do with me as you will."

He was a man of iron. For a moment I had fancied that he was touched, but his impenetrable mask was soon resumed. God of Heaven, had I come too late!

"Jailor," said I, as a last resource, "you shall follow me to the judge's presence, and we shall see if, face to face with him, you will still dare to persist in your denial."

"At your orders, sir."

We returned to the old convent, and as we were about ascending to the judge's room, we met several persons leaving it.

"The judge is dead!" they exclaimed, as they passed us.

When Martin Kraus heard these words, a sigh of relief escaped him, as if a fearful weight had been lifted from his breast. A moment after he disappeared, and I vainly sought for him in the convent and the courtyard.

I was both physically and mentally exhausted. Since morning my curiosity and my sensibilities had been so frequently excited, that I felt myself incapable of further action.

I left the convent; and as the night air was cool and refreshing, I hoped by walking to calm the agitation of my mind.

Almost mechanically, I wended my way towards the graveyard; the solemn stillness of the place accorded well with my gloomy meditations.

Midnight struck by the church clock, and as the last sound died upon my ears, I fancied that I heard a dull noise at the extremity of the cemetery. I listened. The noise continued at equal intervals. I directed my steps cautiously to the point from whence it proceeded, for a fearful presentiment had come over me.

As I advanced, the noise became more distinct. Some one was evidently digging a hole in the earth. The work was conducted in darkness, and with such earnestness that my footsteps were not heard. In a few seconds I stood face to face with the unknown workman.

It was Martin Kraus. He had opened an old tomb to serve as a new sepulchre, and had just thrown in the last shovel of earth which was to close it.

"Martin Kraus, what are you doing here?" I ejaculated.

He raised his head without the slightest manifestation of alarm. But his eyes were full of bitter hatred.

"Sir," he replied, "you may cause this grave to be opened to-morrow; in it perhaps, may be found the body of a man which no one will be able to identify, but you will find nothing here which can tarnish the honor of the judge or of old Martin Kraus!"

And seizing a pistol lying by his side, he placed it to his temple. Before I had time to prevent it he had pulled the trigger, and Martin Kraus fell upon the grave a corpse. He had come prepared for the worst!

I dropped a tear upon the body of this man who had so recently saved my life, and who had died the victim of a noble sentiment, the exaggeration of which had led him into crime.

Devoted and faithful hearts are unfortunately so rare, that we may be permitted to admire them even in their errors.

I concealed the manner of his death; caused the old jailor to be quietly buried, and left his crime to rest in silence and oblivion. Human justice could not now reach the culprits, and all remembrances of the victim have long since been effaced from the minds of men. Charles Brunner survived these events but a few months; he died in the beginning of winter, bearing with him to the tomb the secret of his sadness and his sufferings. He also, to the end, had continued faithful and devoted to his affection.

Rosa, the judge's daughter, never learned her father's guilt. With considerable difficulty I finally succeeded in removing all her suspicions, and after a time she became my wife. She has now been dead three years.

Before writing this history for you, I had never related it to any one but my son. I did this, on the day when he was installed in the office of assessor, wishing that he should become familiar, at the very outset of his career, with his grandfather's crime, that he might guard against negligence and inattention, which more frequently

than injustice even, are the rocks which wreck the probity of our judges.

THE END.

## MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

RATHER amazed at the inconsistency of these legal practitioners, I rattled over the stones in the vehicle, which put me in mind of a hearse, and which was driven by an intoxicated party, who put me in mind of an undertaker.

We halted in an out-of-the-way street, at the door of an out-of-the-way inn, in the bar of which a number of convivial rustics, whom I recognised as witnesses in a certain murder case, which had just been disposed of, were bloating themselves with cold beef, pickles and strong ale, and varying their pleasures by certain dark references to a person who was guilty, sure-ly. We passed up-stairs and into a little, orderly sitting-room, in which we found Mrs. Martha Timbs and Broussais waiting to receive us. Broussais was elated, though calm; but Martha was weeping bitterly, or joyfully, as it might be.



GEN. WILLIAM I. HARDEE, OF GEORGIA, COMMANDING ONE DIVISION OF THE REBEL TROOPS IN MISSOURI. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 391.

"Here we are," said Eugene, gruffly, shaking the little Frenchman by the hand; "and Fortune seems to wish that this should be a merry meeting. Tears, Martha!"

He added these last words reproachfully, nodding in my direction. Martha dried her eyes, and conjured up a sickly smile.

"Another strange meeting, Mr. Henry," she said, taking my outstretched hand. "You, like the rest of them, thought me dead and buried. You, like the rest of them, perhaps pity me. You, like the rest of them, can gain little by my return to life."

"Not so," I returned; "your presence is necessary to the success of a good cause."

She started up wildly, and, sinking again in an instant, broke out again with sobs and tears.

"Eugene," she murmured, hoarsely, "in the name of Heaven, spare me! I cannot, I dare not bear witness against that man. I would not have his blood upon my hands. He is a villain; but I once loved him."

Eugene's face was clouded. He moved close to the woman, grasped both her hands, and looked fixedly into her pale face.

"Martha, is this the justice you used to pray for? Is this the way to redeem the innocent and to discomfit the guilty? Look at the boy there!"

She turned her dark, thoughtful eyes full upon my wondering face and shook her head.

"I cannot do it, Eugene, I cannot do it—I dare not."

Eugene turned from her, and walked hastily up and down the room.

"Martha, you must and shall," he muttered, with a malignant look. "Think, for a moment, of the mad woman and of her lost life. Think of our benefactor in his chains. Think of the sorrow of our benefactor's child, and of his lost hopes. Lastly, Martha, think of your own wrongs and of mine, and ask yourself if heaven does not call upon you to act with us."

Here Broussais rose and placed his hand soothingly upon Eugene's shoulder.

"Give her time, my man—give her time," said Broussais; "let her sleep upon it. She is overwhelmed by the sudden turn events have taken. When the time comes, rest assured, she will act."

Eugene nodded his head. Then silently, and not ungracefully, he lifted one of the woman's hands to his lips and kissed it tenderly.

"Be it so," he said; "and in the meantime let us be of good cheer."

So Eugene rang the bell, and when the waiter answered the summons, ordered a share of that good cheer of which the rustics were partaking below. We made a rather hearty meal, for excitement and prison fare had only the effect of sharpening our appetites.

Martha was dull, and Broussais was quiet and thoughtful; but Eugene had an extraordinary flow of spirits, which, coming in contact with the general dullness, made the cloud of our position once or twice show its silver lining. When the rustics below began to sing their little song of "A shiny night and the season of the year," Eugene slapped his thighs and growled a little chorus. The conversation was slow, and no further allusions were made to the peculiar position in which we all stood towards one another.

At last I ventured a remark relative to the disappearance and supposed death of Mrs. Timbs. I expressed my surprise that she should be again visible in the flesh. Thereupon Broussais and Eugene exchanged significant glances.

"I myself thought that we had lost her," said Eugene. "You must lay the deception upon the shoulders of Broussais there, who suggested it, and who had his own interests to serve in the matter."

I looked inquiringly at the dwarf, and he nodded his head encouragingly and affirmatively.

"Eugene is right!" he exclaimed. "It was my suggestion. She fled over to Paris, and I conveyed to Timbs the fact of her decease. I had recognised her, I said, in the Morgue, among the poor wretches drowned in the Seine. Timbs, in reply, expressed his gratification at my news in most impudent language, but refused to come over to claim the body. This was just what I wanted."

"Your reason?" I asked anxiously.

Broussais cast an anxious glance at Martha, who had laid her head upon the table in her open hands.

"My reason was, if you must know, a twofold one. In the first place, I desired to free our good friend Martha for a time from the brutalities of her husband."

He paused, as if fearing interruption. No interruption being made, he went on.

"My second reason, Mr. Henry, was vastly different. As you are now old enough to demand explanations, and as events have acquainted you with many of the circumstances on which your past and future depend, I will explain. My object, then, in persuading our enemies of Martha's death was to goad them on to further attacks in our direction, and to make them work with impunity to crush certain of our friends by bold appeals to the law. The plan, as you know, has succeeded admirably."

"But in what manner could the death of Mrs. Timbs affect the prospects of the enemies you mention?" I inquired, eagerly. "Why would they attack us with impunity on her death?"

Broussais was about to reply, when Martha lifted her pale, nervous face, and replied for him.

"Because without me the evidence against Leonard Charles could scarcely hold together; because my testimony is necessary to his conviction by law."

"Exactly so," exclaimed Eugene.

"Nevertheless, Broussais is wrong. His plan has not succeeded; for I have already said, once and for all, that I cannot give evidence against Leonard Charles."

Eugene was about to burst out into an angry exclamation, when the door of the room opened, and the waiter appeared, ushering in a visitor. We recognized this last worthy at a glance, and were dumb with surprise at his effrontery. It was Mr. Timbs. He entered, smiling and rubbing his hands together, and moved in a sliding manner towards a vacant chair.

"This means mischief!" muttered Broussais, between his clenched teeth. I saw Eugene clench his hand behind him, and make a movement as if to knock down the intruder.

"Timbs!" exclaimed Martha, looking at him with mingled surprise, anger and scorn.

"Patience, my dear, and let me explain," said Timbs, beaming with a kind of good-natured nervousness. "I'm a blunt chap, and I hope your friends will excuse me. Gents all, good evening."

No wonder he seemed alarmed at the deadly silent faces that turned upon him.

"You are really too hard upon a fellow," he murmured, apologetically—"you are really too hard. If you'll let me come to the point, I'll explain. Casting them dark looks at a chap's that ashamed of himself, don't help him to do the thing that's right. Oh, come now!"

He fidgeted on his seat, and wiped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief. There he stood, staring at us, and we at him, for some minutes. At last he jumped to his feet.

"It's hard, precious hard," he repeated; "but if you won't give me a civil word, I'll go."

He was moving nervously towards the door, when Eugene leaped up and pulled him back.

"Sit down!" growled Eugene, pushing him by main force into a chair. "Now, then! What do you want?"

"What do I want?" he murmured, in a bewildered way. "I want my wife."

Eugene, in affected surprise, drew back, whistled, and opened his eyes wide.

"Oh, yes, I like that," he muttered. "You want your wife, do you? Who's she, when she's at home?"

Timbs was speechless. He pointed to Martha in nervous dumb show. Eugene seized him by the coat collar, and shook him violently.

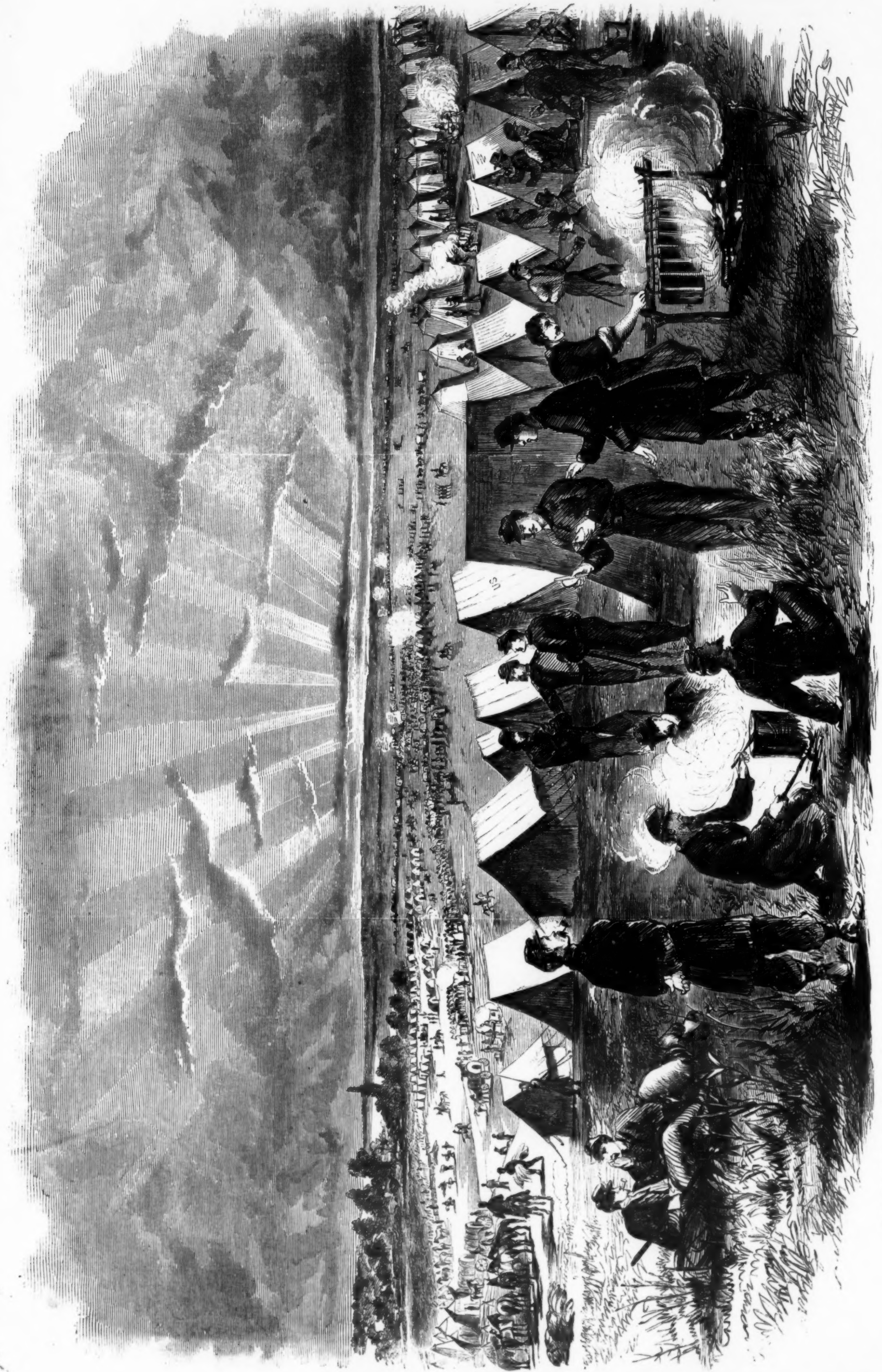
"You old villain! mind how you take the names of people in vain. My sister Martha your wife! Bah! Why, you scoundrel, if she'd been twenty thousand times your wife, this day's business would have separated you forever."

"Well, then, as 't you be cool," said Timbs, struggling. "Leave me alone, I say. I'm not going to be treated in this way. It isn't fair, either, when a fellow wants to do the honorable."

Eugene threw the man from him, with a gesture of supreme indifference and contempt.

(Continued on page 397.)





CAMP ZAGONI, ENCAMPMENT OF FREMONT'S ARMY, ON THE PRAIRIE NEAR WHEATLAND, MISSOURI, OCTOBER 14 H.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GENERAL FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 390.



## MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

(Continued from page 395.)

"Pshaw! I scorn to harm you; but don't you call this visit a little foolhardy?"

"Stay!" said Broussais, interfering with a bland smile. "Perhaps the man really means what he says, and is desirous of behaving in a proper spirit."

"Now, I call that reasonable," said Timbs.

"Talk to him yourself, then," growled Eugene. "His very face makes me sick as ditch-water, and I don't believe any of his nonsense. He's a humbug and a villain."

Timbs shrank away from the speaker, and looked sneakily at Martha, who had again concealed her face. She seemed utterly oblivious of his presence.

"Now, look here!" cried the jolly man. "I don't attempt to defend what's past. I don't say that I've always done the handsome by Martha. In fact, I don't say that I'm an angel."

"I dare say you don't," remarked Eugene, with infinite humor. "Now, you ought to be reasonable, you, all of you," murmured Timbs, in his injured way. "Why don't you, why won't you encourage a fellow to be moral?"

"Once more, my man," observed Broussais, quietly, "what do you want?"

"Martha, here, my wife?"

The woman leapt to her feet with a cry, and stood facing him.

"There, don't agitate yourself, my dear. You know I was always fond of you. Wasn't I now, Martha? Come, then. You can't deny it. Well Martha, being willing to forget what's past, and to take you back to my humble hearth, I've come to fetch you."

"Don't touch me, man, don't touch me!" cried Martha, "or I shall kill you!"

"Here's gratitude!"

"Go as you came, wretch that you are; go quickly, or you will find me dangerous. Sooner than feel your loathsome touch again, I'd have your cowardly blood."

"Here's affection!"

"Why, I'd think no more of killing you where you stand, man, than I should of crushing a wasp or an adder. You want the venom of the adder, and you lack the sting of the wasp. You coward, you! Go back to him who sent you. Tell him I mean to speak, and that no efforts of yours or his can now prevent me."

"Here's duty!"

But here Eugene caught the man by the throat, and pinned him in a corner. In vain did Timbs endeavor to scream for help. He was effectually gagged.

"Silence!" hissed Eugene, between his teeth. "Silence, I say, or I'll be the death of you. Answer my questions. Who sent you on this errand?"

"Myself, as I have told you."

"That won't do. Come, now. Who sent you?"

"Charles."

"I thought so; I was certain it was so. Look here, if you attempt to deceive me, you're a lost card. Tell the truth, and you may get off more easily. Why did he send you?"

"Wanted to squash the evidence. Let me go!"

"Not just yet. So, so! It seems that you have been instructed to get Martha out of the way, to prevent her appearance as a witness against the scamp your master. Am I right?"

"Yes."

Eugene shook the answer out of him, as he might have shaken it out of a sack.

"Very good," said Eugene, releasing him. "Martha has given you your answer, and you can go. We're sorry to have put you to the inconvenience. You needn't call again."

Timbs edged towards the door, quite purple with rage and exertion.

"I call this shameful treatment," he muttered. "Sure as I am a living sinner —"

"You won't be a living one long, if you don't make yourself scarce; or your complexion will be so much altered, that your sweetheart won't recognize you."

"Bah! You'll repent of it."

"Why don't you go?" said Broussais, still quietly. "You have had your answer."

"Well, I don't go because the answer don't satisfy me. I want my wife; she's as much mine as this hat's mine, and I'll have her. Confess, now, it's rather hard that a man should be deprived of his own in this off-hand way. Now, mark you —!"

We had nothing further to mark at that moment, for Eugene kicked him out.

"So much for Timbs!" said Eugene, re-entering the room and closing the door.

Martha had again sank forward on the table; but she was sobbing and weeping.

"What shall I do?" she murmured. "What shall I do? Oh, that I were dead!"

"Come, come!" said Broussais, soothingly, touching her gently on the shoulder. "You take this matter too much to heart. Charles deserves not pity—least of all, pity from you."

"I loved him, Broussais, I loved him. He treated me like a dog; but I loved him. It seems a sin to lift a hand against him. Heaven forgive him, as I do."

"Forgiveness is a mocking word, Martha," exclaimed Eugene. "It is out of place on your lips."

Here the door was suddenly opened, and Timbs re-appeared, attended by two constables.

"There she is!" he cried, pointing to his wife. "Seize her! bind her! manacle her! I arrest her for refusing to return to the house of lord and master!"

"Hold your tongue, you villain!" cried Eugene, springing at him fiercely.

But at this moment there walked into the apartment another policeman.

"You are friends of the prisoner called Henry Brown?" he asked, inquiringly.

"We are," said Broussais.

"He is dead! The prisoner, Leonard Charles —"

"Ah!" cried Martha, leaping forward, eagerly. "What of him?"

"He is dead also. Come this way, all of you."

## CHAPTER XXII.—THE HOUR OF RETRIBUTION.

In less than ten minutes we were convinced that the messenger's assertion was true, and that my father had really departed this life. But on reaching the prison we learned more.

From what we learned afterwards, in various quarters, I am able to tell a strange story of a scene in which I personally was not an actor. This was how it all happened:

After the trial was over, Ornamel was taken back to his cell. The prison and the court-house communicated with each other by means of an underground passage, which crossed underneath the street, from the court-house to the cells. Along this passage Ornamel was taken, in the custody of his jailor. I heard, afterwards, that he was quite calm and collected, as if his mind were pre-occupied with some strange determination. The jailor bantered him in his usual rough way, and, strange to say, Ornamel seemed to enjoy his jokes. Probably, to judge from what followed, he was desirous of conciliating the jailor's good opinion.

Half an hour afterwards Leonard Charles was arrested by special warrant on a charge of conspiracy with intent to defraud. It appears that Ornamel was aware that Charles would be arrested.

In the iron doors of the various cells in the prison small eye-holes are bored, for the purpose of allowing the turnkeys to observe at any moment what the prisoner is doing. When the jailor closed the door of his cell upon him, Ornamel stood still for an instant in the centre of the floor, as if listening to the retiring steps of the jailor. Fainter and more faint became the sound; at length it died away in the distance, and all was still.

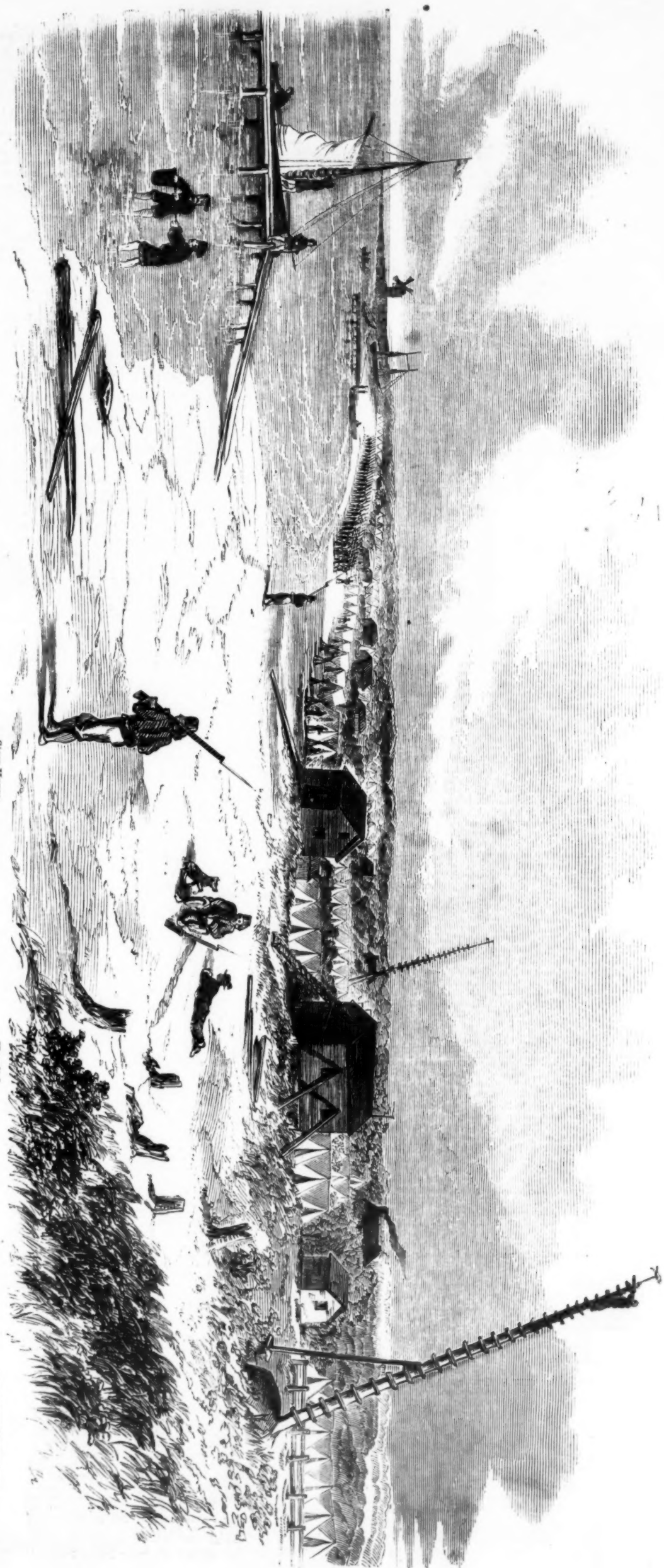
Night was drawing on apace. Ornamel slowly looked around him, but still listened, as if in expectancy of some particular sound. Then he stepped noiselessly over to the little wooden bench which was to be his couch for the night. He lifted up the coarse coverlid and (still listening) he tore it into long strips. These he twisted into two ropes, upon each of which he made a running noose. One of these he folded up in such a manner that it could be easily opened out, and hid it in the breast of his coat; the other he placed in the far corner of his cell. This done, he paused and listened again more intently than before, as if to make sure that all continued quiet. No sound broke the almost solemn stillness, save the occasional opening and shutting of a door.

CAMP WOOL, TWO MILES FROM FORT CLARK, HATTEAS ISLAND, OCCUPIED BY HAWKINS' ZOUAVES, 9TH REGIMENT N. Y. V.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST AT HATTEAS ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 389.

Store-house.

Hospital.

Temporary Observatory.





Apparently feeling satisfied that no one approached, he took a small piece of the coverlid which he had not used with the other strips and rolled it into a sort of ball. This he placed in one of his side pockets. Then, with a cautious tread, he crept over to the door of the cell and felt all over the upper part of it, till he came to the eyehole. This seemed to be what he sought, for he instantly placed his eye to it, and peered into the dusk of the passage.

He had not been thus posted at the door long when the footsteps of several persons were heard ascending the stairs from the ground-floor, and coming along the passage. The eye of Oramel seemed to gleam with a fierce joy.

A strange thing must that one eye have appeared as it glared forth into the long, dark passage. Nearer, nearer came the steps—brighter, brighter grew the eye with its wild fire.

At the door of the cell, just before coming to that of Oramel, the footsteps stopped, a key was turned, the door opened, and some one was shown into the cell. Oramel appeared to be disappointed, for he had not been able to desecrate who was the prisoner. He now withdrew his eye from the hole, and placed his ear to it.

"It ain't quite so comfortable quarters as ye ha' been used to, sir; but I'll do what I can for yer," said the voice of the turnkey. "If ye'd like to order anything, I may be able to get it for yer."

"Nothing, thank you, nothing," replied the mellow voice of Mr. Charles. "I would like to be alone in the meantime, that is all."

The turnkey was obsequious, for Mr. Charles had the appearance of a gentleman, who might have been falsely accused, and who, at any rate, could afford to pay for a kindness. So the jailor was somewhat disappointed when he heard the calm "Nothing, thank you," of his prisoner.

The door closed on Charles, and the jailor moved away, grumbling at the poor reception with which his proffer of service had been received.

Orael, as all again became silent, for a moment lost that extraordinary calmness and catlike quietness which had for some time pervaded his movements. He clutched convulsively with his long, thin hands at the massive lock of his cell door, as if he would wrench it off. The fruitless result of this effort seemed to recall him to his former state. He did not seem at all insane now. Rather like a man much wronged, determined to venture all, win or lose, in a last chance for retribution.

He stood as if pondering, when suddenly he heard the turnkey returning. He raised a sharp, shrill, hysterical cry of "Help, help! Murder!" The turnkey opened the door and looked in, at the same time inquiring, gruffly,

"What's the hullabaloo about now?"

"There, there," cried Oramel, pointing towards the bed, as he covered in the far corner of the room. "Take him away! take him away! He'll strangle me."

"Take who away?"

"Him! him there!"

"Who's him, and where?"

"In the bed there. Take him away. He will murder me."

The jailor, who had by this time entered the cell, now turned towards the bed; he missed the coverlid, and stooped down to see if it was lying on the floor. Oramel sprang from his corner, and with his fist dealt the jailor one heavy blow on the temple, which stretched him senseless on the ground. He then took the rope which he had in his hand and pinioned the arms of the jailor tight behind his back, and with the ball which he had prepared gagged him. There was a pause—a long, breathless pause. Oramel next lifted from the ground the keys which the jailor had dropped on being struck.

There was another pause. Still all was silent. The prisoner stole softly and slowly towards the door, went out, closing and locking it after him. He stood in the passage, calm, very calm, and listened. No one seemed to be stirring. He turned to the door of Mr. Charles's cell. He tried one of the keys in the lock—it was the wrong one; he tried another—wrong still; and another—and still wrong. He began to fear that he did not possess the proper key. He tried another; gently the bolt slid back. He gave the door a slight push; it moved inward, and he could scarcely refrain from an exclamation of joy. Slowly, very slowly, he pushed it back, till there was an aperture wide enough to allow him to pass through. Then, bending down upon his hands and knees, he crawled noiselessly in.

Charles was sitting on his bed, his arms folded, and his head bent down on his breast. There was a strange, nervous twitching about the mouth, quite unusual with that calm man. Once or twice he nodded his head, and muttered something about "Come at last; come at last. Well?"

Orael fixed his keen gray eyes upon him, and as he gazed the expression which covered his countenance was not that of a madman, but one could scarcely think it was that of a human being, so intensely did it gloat, as it seemed, on the prospect of blood.

Presently Charles raised his head, and in doing so his eyes met those of Oramel. He gave a little start—not much, but a quite apparent start—and a strange sort of graveyard chuckle resounded through the cell. Mr. Charles stepped as far back as possible, but did not, or could not, remove his eyes from those others. He saw them rise gradually, as it were, from the ground, up to a level with his own, then sink again, and flicker a moment. There was a swish, as of something sweeping through the air; a smothered cry; a scuffle, continued for a few minutes; the door of the cell was swung back to the wall, and something was dragged out. It was close to the railings surrounding the gallery. The struggle grew fiercer than ever. Then there was one wild shriek, and a falling of some heavy body on the stone floor beneath, with a crash and splash.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—COUNSEL ELIZABETH.

THEY found them where they had fallen, locked in the embrace of death, and hopelessly entangled by means of the rope which my father had made from the coverlid, and which was twisted in a running noose around Charles's neck. They found them bruised, battered and bleeding, mangled and torn, on the solid stone pavement of the prison. They had gone together to render an account of the sins and sorrows which had hurried them to the death in which their yet warm bodies lay sleeping. On the face of Oramel, disfigured though it was, lay a strange warm smile of triumph. The lips were tightly clenched; the thin white hair was red and soaking; the eyes were wide open and aghast; but the unutterable calm overspreading all, showed that he had died with a sense that death had completed the purpose of his life. Black and distorted were the features of the other dead man, but the blood still seemed blushing over the face and forehead, crushed thither by the sinewy fingers of his opponent. He died as he had lived, with a blush upon his face, as though he feared, and was ashamed to fear, that the dead formed far too respectable a society for a person of his character to intrude upon without an apology. Such was the anomalous idea which suggested itself as I looked upon him.

It is impossible to describe in words, or even to remember with fidelity, the conflict of emotions which took place in my young bosom when I first heard of the catastrophe which had taken place within the walls of the prison. Indignant as I was at my own wrongs and those of my own family, I shuddered at the knowledge that the author of my being had gone to the grave with blood upon his hands. I was overwhelmed at the first prospect of my position. I could not, of course, at first realize in their full intensity the circumstances which gave birth to that strange tragedy; but I was already conscious that better and purer duties awaited me, and that the loss of my father would occasion in my future life a gap, which no more amenable pleasures could ever completely fill up. With him died a portion of that doubt which had been the mystery of my past life; that mystery which had involved the progress of so many strange events. I looked upon the dead form before me, and a strange, sad yearning for the father whom, till now, I had never known, took possession of my soul. I gazed upon the dead face, and thought of a time long ago, when a happy youth led a blushing damsel to the altar, and pledged himself to guide her through this many-sided world. I thought of the one error of his life, and of its consequences, the end of which was here represented by so much mere flesh and bone. I looked upon the face of the dead Charles, and thought of the influence which he had exercised over my fortunes during my short but eventful career. Need I say that the vision of a woman in fair hair, now, like myself, fatherless, passed before my mind's eye? I forgot the angry feelings with which I had regarded her since the night on which she opened the door of her father's house, and bade me go out into the world a penniless and, it might have been, a friendless youth. I judged by my own feelings what must be hers, when she heard of the manner of her father's death; and I at once determined that I should endeavor to do her a kindness by breaking the news to

her, myself, as gently and at as early an hour as possible. But above all these serious thoughts was that of my mother. Where was she? How was she? How would she bear the news of her husband's death and of her child's life? Was she falsely detained in a lunatic asylum as Eugene told me? If so, how was she to be liberated? Could she be liberated? A hundred other questions in reference to this matter flashed through my mind, and I became thoroughly bewildered by their very unanswerableness. I became bewildered and perplexed, as well as sad, and knew not whither or from whom to seek relief for my oppressed heart.

We followed the constable who had come to the inn for us, into a room in the prison in which the bodies lay, on a number of forms placed close together for the purpose. My own thoughts and feelings were as I have described them. When I looked at Eugene, his face wore a blank expression, as if something had happened which his mind could not fully grasp. His eyes wandered over the room as if in search of something; at length they fell upon the upturned face of Charles. For a few seconds he gazed upon it; then his own countenance lightened up. He stepped over close to the dead body, and, placing his ear close to the breast, listened if there were any sounds of life. All was coldly still. He felt the pulse—no motion, no quiver of a muscle. His inspection, it seemed to me, had satisfied him, and, nodding his head two or three times, he leant over to me and whispered in my ear, with a voice which seemed to tremble with a mixture of sorrow and joy; and, in a sort of half-humorous way, he muttered,

"It is done! Might have succumbed, though poor Right has had a hard struggle for the victory; and her forces are considerably injured by the conflict. Well, it is a merry victory, and I at least am satisfied with the success. We needed something like this."

As he finished, he nodded grimly in the direction of the body of M. Charles, and smiled. I cannot say whether sneeringly or pleasantly. I did not think this was quite the way in which he should have conducted himself under the circumstances; but knowing what an incomprehensible mixture of different feelings and modes of expressing them existed in Eugene, I said nothing, but stood ignorant of what to say or do.

Martha was seated on a stool close to the body of M. Charles, sobbing, as if she would have wept the little life within her out. Broussais stood apart, quietly looking on.

"You see," said the constable, who, from what had passed in the court, recognized me as the son of the deceased Oramel, "we just wanted you here to identify the men; and that being done, you will have to leave the prison, as it is very late. But you will have to attend the coroner's inquest to-morrow."

"Oh, yes," said Eugene, "we'll be there, certainly. Is there anything else you would like with us, now we are here?"

"Nothing more," replied the constable, looking at Eugene, as if he wondered what else there possibly could be wanted with us, and also as if he was slightly puzzled with the character of his interlocutor.

"Come then," said Eugene, catching Martha by the shoulders, and giving her a shake; "this gent has got all he wanted us for; we have done all we can do; so now let us get back to the inn."

"No, no, do not take me away. I cannot leave him; I cannot leave him," sobbed Martha.

"Oh!"

"Eugene, Eugene, you never loved."

"Bah! I should not have been likely, at any rate, to love the girl who jilted me."

"You will break my heart."

"I thought that had been done years ago. Years ago, when a sweet-natured young gentleman poured molten words of love into your foolish ears; and when he had no more to say, or didn't feel inclined to trouble his brains about you, left you—to starve, it might have been. Martha, Martha, you are surely mad, or you never could talk as you are doing. Let us go."

I observed that though Eugene spoke gruffly and satirically, there was a genuine kindness lurking underneath all his apparent roughness, as if he would bully or joke her out of her melancholy. To what he last said she made no reply save by sobs and tears. He then somewhat impatiently said,

"Why, what is it you weep for? For the death of a man whose life was a curse to us all? Do you weep that he was not spared to complete his schemes? You are a loving woman, truly!"

He turned away from her, and stepped towards the door. Broussais, who had scarcely stirred from his first position during all this time, now advanced, and with the gentle grace of a mother removing the cloak from a firstborn's chubby little cheeks, drew Martha's hands away from her face. Then looking at her with a strange expression in his large, melancholy eyes, he asked her why she wept?

"Because he lies there dead."

"But you may love again; but you may forget a man such as he was, and love one worthy of you."

"Never, never!"

"Nay, nay," said Broussais; "you think so now, but you will be wiser. Come, rise and return to the inn with us, and forget all about a man of whom even you do not know the worst."

The kind words and manner of Broussais had the desirable effect of rousing her up, and after a little time we four walked solemnly back to the inn again. On the way there Eugene and I were together, while Martha and Broussais followed us at a little distance. The question of what was to be done about my mother was still uppermost in my mind, and without the slightest hesitation, I asked Eugene what he intended to do in that matter; for what had passed during that day and that night had made me more a man than had the five previous years of my life.

"Eugene," I said, "have you any plans?"

"Plans about what?" he asked, a little tartly, for he was ruffled at the persistent love shown by Martha for the man who had wronged her, and whom he so much despised.

"What is to be done in order to relieve my poor mother?"

"We must wait for a few days, until the men are buried, and until we can get time to have the news broken to her gently. One thing, however, she must never know—how he died, and who died with him. It would kill her, she knows of this night's proceedings."

I did not speak of this subject to him again that night. When we arrived at the inn there was a great bustle going on; evidently some strangers were arriving. We passed into the sitting-room, and were steadily followed by Martha and Broussais. I noticed that the former was calmer than she had been previously, and the latter was somewhat fidgety and agitated. We did not remain long together, for we were very dull company for each other. No one of us seemed to be able to speak, and so we shortly separated, and retired to the respective sleeping apartments which had been allotted to us.

My room was situated at the top of the house, and at the back of the house. A small blind covered the under part of the window, which looked into some sort of a carpenter's or shipbuilder's yard. A rickety-looking washstand, containing a cracked basin and a jug with the lip broken off, stood close to the window. A solitary-looking chair was placed in an opposite corner, and on the wall above it was an iron clothespeg. Above the mantelpiece was a queer picture of some famous member of the P. R., standing in full battle order. A mockery of a carpet was on the floor, giving the room a dark, frowning appearance, which was materially enhanced by the dirty white curtains of the little four-poster bed. So many strange events had followed each other in such rapid succession during the day, that I had fallen into a dreamy, half-stupified condition of mind, and was unable to realize the full bearing of what had occurred. When I got into my room, and was alone, everything which I had seen, done and heard during the day seemed to make a grand charge at my brain, and an odd battle of ideas ensued. I got into bed, and lay gazing upon the few articles of the furniture in the room, till they assumed all sorts of incomprehensible shapes and figures. The curtains took the form of a man hanging; the clothespeg jutting out from the wall became a long, thin, weird arm of a witch, pointing mockingly at me; the P. R. man on the picture struck at some airy opponent; the broken-mouthed water jug kept nodding and nodding to the cracked water-basin, which seemed to rise and fall and spin round about alternately, while the rickety old stand chuckled and chuckled over the fun. Then they all got jumbled together, and the water-basin stepped up to the long, skinny arm, and hung itself lovingly upon it; the rickety washstand marched over to the broken-down chair, and the curtains rustled and rustled, and consciousness left me.

I was awakened in the morning by a loud hammering noise, and on opening my eyes, was at first unable to understand where I was, and what had brought me there. Gradually the whole of the incidents of the previous day dawned upon me, and I shuddered at the thought of the death of my father and the man who had been his evil genius through life. But I also remembered my determination

to be the first bearer of the news to Elizabeth, and getting out of bed immediately proceeded to dress myself. I knew that she was staying at the principal hotel in the town. But had she not heard of the occurrence before? Whether or not, would she receive me? I determined at least to try, and without telling any one where I was going, I started for the hotel. On arriving there, I inquired for the lady whom I sought, and finding that she was within, sent my name up by one of the waiters. I was, however, too impatient to wait in the hall, and so followed immediately after him. When he gave my name to the lady, there was a moment's silence, and then the voice of a man, very guttural, said, as if he was ordering a dinner, or demanding to be shown some phenomenon—

"Show him up," and then, aside, "Parbleu! what does he want?"

I thought I had heard the voice before, but could not remember where; though as I entered the room, a vague feeling of having heard it under circumstances unfavorable to myself filled my breast. Elizabeth was seated on the sofa, and sitting near her was a little stout man, whose face I had a distinct remembrance of having previously seen. He stared at me as if he would like to stare me out of countenance, which he ultimately succeeded in doing; and when he observed the victory, muttered a complacent "Ah!" and looked towards Elizabeth, as who should say, "Do you see that?" I felt a thorough repugnance for him from that moment.

My cousin did not rise from the sofa to receive me, nor did she even offer to shake hands. I was not surprised. I knew that she despised me, and did not think that she would like me any the better for the intelligence I brought, however good my intention might be. She looked upon me as she would have looked upon a man whom she had ordered out of her presence, and who had disobeyed her.

"Pray, sir," she said, at length, "may I ask what secures us the honor of your unexpected company?"

"I come," said I, with a slight tremor in my voice, "as the bearer of sad news. I trust that you will believe in the kindness which prompted me to bear the message."

"Ho! bearer of bad news. Ah!" remarked the stout man. "Bad news, eh? Out with it, my good boy!"

"Boy! I felt inclined to knock him down. My face was instantly crimson, and instead of outing with it, I stood stammering and stuttering, and quite incapable of speaking, at all events of putting any gloss on the occurrences of which I had come to tell."

"You seem agitated," said Elizabeth, not quite calm herself, for she began to fear that something serious had taken place. "Pray be seated."

"Thank you, it is unnecessary. I have very little to say."

"Then why don't you say it?" impatiently ejaculated the stout man, "and not stand blushing and stuttering there like a booby—as I have no doubt you are," he added, *softly*.

This was the climax. I know not how I told what had happened. I have a faint remembrance of the pale face of Elizabeth looking bewilderedly on mine, and then suddenly bursting into a torrent of lamentations, interlarded with upbraidings of me. The stout man jumped to his feet, seized me by the collar, and made me swear that what I had told was true. Then he shook the whole of the proceedings of the previous day out of me, and after hearing what had occurred in the court, turned pale, and ordered me away. I was not sorry to leave, and I think that just as I left the room, Elizabeth fainted and fell into his arms. So she was at least capable of loving her father. Might it not be that she had loved him too well?

I proceeded straight to the inn, my head being all the time filled with thoughts of Elizabeth and her future. What was that future to be? Where was she to find a home? How live? The little stout man puzzled me much, and when I entered the room of the inn where Martha, Broussais and Eugene were seated, I was still in a mystified state of mind. It seemed as if I should never be out of mist and uncertainty.

Martha was looking much calmer than when I had last seen her. Broussais was still the same quiet, retiring, good-natured being, and Eugene seemed to be in one of his merry moods. He inquired where I had been, and I was about to explain, when a boy entered with a telegram for Adolphe Broussais. After dismissing the boy, he opened the envelope, but had scarce read two words when he changed color; crumpling the paper in his hand, he sank into a chair, gasping the word "ruined." Suddenly he started to his feet, seized his hat, waved a hurried farewell, and rushed out of the room, down the stairs, and out into the streets, leaving "ruined" echoing in our ears.

(To be continued.)

#### LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

THE great comet which attracted so much attention last summer, while it lay stretched across the heavens, is still seen with a telescope, not far from the star Eta, in the constellation Hercules. It is entirely shorn of that wonderful appendage known as the tail, and nothing remains but a nucleus enveloped in a nebulous shroud, the whole not unlike in appearance the small planetary nebula.

PROFESSOR AIRY, the British Astronomer Royal, has recently given a lecture about the great solar eclipse of July 18, 1859, in the course of which he stated the probability that there is a medium between the earth and moon, which, like our atmosphere, is capable of reflecting light.

AN illustrated catalogue for the Great International Exhibition of 1862 is to be published in England by the proprietors of the *Art Journal*. The work is to be of like character to that of the Exhibition of 1851, issued by the same publishers.

PROFESSOR LOOMIS has noticed that, simultaneously with the magnificent aurora borealis observed in the northern hemisphere in August and September, 1859, similar phenomena appeared in the horizon of certain parts of Australia. Struck with the coincidence, he was induced to register all the aurora observations which he could obtain. He has thus arrived at a totally unexpected result, viz., every time that an aurora has been seen in the horizon of Hobarton an aurora has appeared the same day in the northern hemisphere, or, at least, such extraordinary perturbations were observed as are almost certain indications of the presence of an aurora in position more or less distant. If the number of these coincidences were not as yet too few, we should naturally be led to admit that an extraordinary aurora in the southern hemisphere is always accompanied by one in the northern; in the same way as all the causes which affect the magnetism of one pole of a magnet equally affect that of the other pole.

DIAMUM is the name given to a new metallic element discovered by M. Von Kobell. In March, 1860, he found a new metallic acid, which he called Diamite. From this, by chemical reactions, he has obtained diamium, the fourth new element, the three others being cesium, rubidium and thallium.

#### MISCELLANIES.

COAL oil is an efficient and permanent destroyer of bedbugs. Apply with brush and feather to the places where they congregate. Gilt frames, chandeliers, etc., rubbed lightly over with coal oil, will not be visited with flies.

AN ARAB FEAST.—Here is a dish offered hospitably to the traveler by a tribe of Arabs. A sheep has been bought for the feast. As soon as it was paid for, said the effendi's slave, in a trice turned it over, and kneeling on it, severed its throat to the spine. With the last struggle the knife was run into the abdomen; ripping open which, he withdrew the stomach, liver and lights, and cutting open the former, and cleaning it by simply turning it inside out and shaking it, he then proceeded to cut it and its accompaniments into small pieces in a wooden bowl provided for the purpose from the nearest hut. Then taking the gall bladder as a substitute for lemon, and squeezing it over the whole, and adding a copious supply of the hot red pepper of the country, he served it up, still warm, by placing it on the ground before us, looking like a man well pleased with the feat he had performed. The effendi had already tucked up the sleeves of his right arm over the elbow, prepared to lose not an instant in the enjoyment of what to me at that time seemed an execrable dish, and calling out at the top of his voice "Bismillah!"—in the name of God—plunged his hand into the reeking mess, which he conveyed to his mouth as a child would a ripe peach. Abou Gadoum, in obedience to the invitation of the jolly effendi and myself, took my place at the feast, for such in reality it appeared to both of them.—*Petherick's Egypt.*

BEAUTIFYING PROPERTIES OF NILE MUD.—This thick, greasy-looking mud is thought to act beneficially upon other substances besides land; it is largely exported, dried in cakes, to all the harems in Turkey, and the mud, resoftened in water, is laid on the skins of the fair ones of Damascus, Constantinople, and the beauties of Circassia and Georgia, to give whiteness and lustre to their complexions. Certainly the water of the Nile has the most charming influence on the skin, especially during its thickest flow. When we ascended the Nile the water was of a deep rich brown, which had cleared before we returned to Cairo into a clear gray. It is the most delicious water in the world for drinking, even when very thick; you have but to let it stand an hour or so in a clay goolleh, and the most refreshing sweet water runs off, as agreeable to the taste as it is beneficial to the health.



## SCRAPS.

**MOURNING STORES AND TOMBSTONES.**—Dr. Wynter, in his book, "Our Social Beca" describes a "mourning store," and gives a colloquy in one of them, in which he took part:

"I produced my list of articles wanted. Scanning it critically, the proprietor said, 'Permit me to inquire, sir, if it is a deceased partner?'"

"I nodded assent. 'We take the liberty of asking this distressing question,' he replied, 'as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of this establishment by matching at once the exact shade of affliction. Our paramattas and crapes in this department give satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture, which we term the Inconceivable.' 'Is this it?' I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery."

"Oh, no," he replied. "The one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's afflictions, and was termed the 'Stunning-blow Shade'; it makes up well, however, with our beravement silk—a leading article—and our distraction trimmings."

Naturally enough, Dr. Wynter next went to a carver in tombstones, where he was shown a variety of patterns, and had explanations on the proprieties of their use:

"When the father of a family is called away on a sudden," explained the presiding *genius loci*, "we break the column off short with a rough fracture; if it has been a lingering case, we chisel it down a little dumpy. That, for instance," said he, pointing to a very thick pillar, fractured as sharp and ragged as a piece of granite, "is for an awful and sudden affliction—a case of apoplexy—a wife and seven small children."

JOHN BULL wants us to open him a port, His stock of cotton now so low has gotten; To please John, we'll do something of the sort— Open the port of every ship and fort, And give him cotton there—our best gun-cotton!

JONES had been out to a champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four.

"One—two—three—four," hiccupped Jones.

"I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order, it has struck one four times."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Journal sends to that paper the following epitaph, which he says he found on a tombstone in Oxford, N. H.:

"To all my friends I bid adieu,  
A more sudden death you never knew;  
As I was leading the old mare to drink,  
She kicked and killed me quicken a wink."

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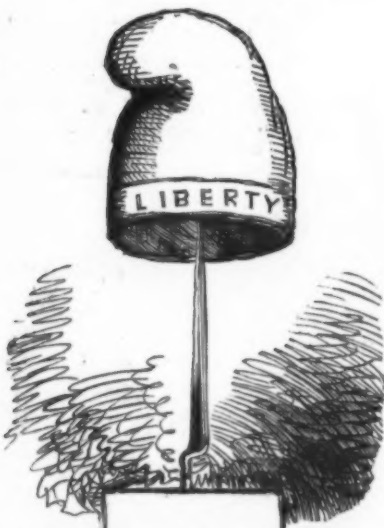
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